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ABSTRACT

Designed to accommodate a semester course in Native American Literature for secondary students, this teacher's guide includes a general introduction, a statement of the philosophy and goals upon which it is predicated, a nine-week block on post-Columbian literature, a nine-week block on oral literature, separate appendices for each block, a bibliography, and a glossary. Block A, the post-Columbian literature, includes sections devoted to the following: biography and autobiography, historical narrative, short fiction, novel, essays, and contemporary poetry. Block B, oral literature, includes sections on creation myths; animal legends, trickster tales, and others; games; oral tradition and history; pageantry; oratory; music; and traditional poetry. Each section within each block (A or B) includes a plan of action, a list of activities, a resource list, and space for teacher comments and evaluation. The appendices are transcripts which coordinate with Block A and B, respectively (some examples of transcript titles are "Saturday Night in Standing Rock", "Laguna Genesis", "A Ute Skinwalker Story", and "Trickster Rabbit and the Stone Cliff"). Other appendices include illustrations, definitions, stories, skill development techniques, Indian games, educational resources, etc.
 (JC)

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NATIVE AMERICAN LITERATURE

Revised by Gallup-McKinley County Public Schools

NATIVE AMERICAN LITERATURE

by
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GALLUP-McKINLEY COUNTY PUBLIC SCHOOLS

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NATIVE AMERICAN LITERATURE

GENERAL INTRODUCTION

Native American Studies have flowered dramatically within the last few years. More good materials are becoming available daily, to the point where it is literally impossible to keep current in the field. In our attempts to set down some possible approaches to a serious study of Native American Literature, we have limited ourselves to both materials and teaching techniques with which we are familiar.

It has been our intent to suggest more material than can be covered in the time allowed. We do not presume to structure the definitive course; student interest, along with teacher preference and teacher background, will constitute forces which give shape to how the course develops in each classroom. It is recommended that you, the teacher, look over the guide carefully well ahead of time in order to have in mind those broad areas in which you feel most competent and comfortable.

One word of advice to keep you from tearing out your hair—do not try to read directly across the page from PLAN to ACTIVITY to RESOURCES; if you do, you will go mad. Read first the complete activity for that unit, and so on. In this way you will be able to match up those activities and resources which can best support that portion of the plan which you wish to implement.

If there is one innovative element in this guide, it is that the semester's course breaks down into two nine-week blocks which are intended to be flip-flopped from semester to semester; thus the first semester will run Block A and Block B, the second semester Block B and Block A. This was not a capricious decision, but was made so that the oral block (B) would fall in the winter season each semester. Myth and legend constitute the heart of oral literature; oral literature of the American Indian is the essence of Block B; the important aspects of Indian myth cannot be related before the first snowfall of winter nor after the first thunder of spring awakens the snakes. By scheduling Block B back-to-back, story-telling time is provided in each semester.

Oh—there is one other aspect which you may view either as innovative or as a deliberate copout on our part. We have, after mature consideration, deleted any kind of guide or instruction as to how you, the classroom teacher—penned up daily with those thirty lions and with no chair to fend them off—might wish to evaluate this program. Each of us—you and we—have sat through our required hours in Statistical Methods in Education and, hopefully, we can therefore call up all those formulae for deriving means and medians and modes; we can, at the drop of a pocket computer, reduce the semester-long efforts of a roomful of kids to a neat list of numbers which will praise forever or damn forever the efforts of those kids. But we have yet to see an evaluative instrument measuring change in the cognitive, affective, and psychomotor domains which intermeshes neatly into a literature program and which will be (1) infallible, (2) honest, (3) culturally sensitive, (4) culturally perceptive, (5) equally effective under the varying demands of different teachers, and (6) annointed by (a) God, (b) the Everywhere Spirit, (c) your department head, and (d) the current Board of Education.

Therefore we appeal to you, as fellow professionals, to share with us those means you find effective in evaluating student progress in this course.

Other information we would share with you is technical—all films suggested are from the Gallup-McKinley County A-V Center, and all necessary information for ordering is included; all suggested resource materials are further listed in the bibliography. Appendices 4 through 11 and A through F are tapes with written transcripts; tapes will be distributed with the teacher's guide. We would further plead with each of you who uses this guide to jot down your comments and reactions concerning what works and what doesn't work. We are fully aware that writing a teacher's guide in the protected confines of a summer work-session is a far different business from taking that guide into the classroom and teaching from it. We plead with you to give some considerable thought as to the strengths and weaknesses of this work, and above all to share with us your experiences as to how it "teaches" when it is confronted by thirty secondary school students. Your comments and criticisms will be relied upon to strengthen the Native American Literature program in the Gallup-McKinley County Public Schools.

No introduction to this 1976 guide would be appropriate without our expression of sincere admiration to those who created the first Native American Literature guide in June of 1974—Bernadette Dimas and Donna Parra of Gallup High, Anna Marie Gallegos of Thoreau High, Marilyn Baer and Cora Hardy of Tohatchi High, and Karen Conkling and Norma Ruth Harvey of Zuni High. We have leaned heavily upon this pioneer work, and we now await with some trepidation to hear the cries rising from teachers all over the district of "What the ____ have they done??? Give us the old guide back!!!"

The Authors

PHILOSOPHY AND GOALS

Educational philosophy is too often couched in arcane terms which are understood only by the initiates. Since our interest is with a different kind of course, let us speak in a different kind of way—let us speak as simply and as directly as we can to those teachers whose concern it is to know what we advocate and where we stand.

It is our firm contention that Native American Studies are important; that Marina, the Aztec girl who guided Cortez, did more to shape the history of the New World than Cleopatra did to shape the history of the Old; that the multi-form trickster figure of Coyote is potentially a stronger literary figure than Ulysses; that Chief Joseph's taking his tribesmen and two thousand ponies over the Lolo Trail was a military accomplishment that ranks with Hannibal's taking his elephants over the Alps (and of more immediate concern to secondary students in this district); that Creek mythology is as important, and as profound, as Greek mythology; that the Pueblo creation myth is as dramatic and perceptive as the one delineated in GENESIS; that the literature and history of the Native American seethe with people and places and events of which the world of education and of scholarship continues to remain placidly unaware.

We of Gallup-McKinley County Public Schools are aware of our responsibilities for the study of Indian custom, culture, history, and literature. Thus this guide is an attempt to incorporate an important body of literature into the language arts program of this district.

What then is Native American literature? It is the whole spectrum of literature as spoken and written by Indian people. It is also literature written about Indian people by non-Indians because both types go hand-in-hand in the intriguing search for the many faces of truth.

This philosophy may be translated into the following goals:

1. to develop an awareness and appreciation of Native American literature as an integral part of American literature,
2. to understand the richness and diversity of Native American points of view,
3. to recognize that Nature is an important recurring theme in Native American literature,
4. to identify the natural sequence of the evolution of literature from the oral tradition to contemporary forms such as fiction and essays,
5. to encourage students to appreciate their cultural uniqueness while realizing that cultural diversity makes American literature rich and that there are universal themes in literature that are common to all mankind,
6. to create an atmosphere of free exchange where Native American students can share knowledge of their folklore with other students,

7. to become familiar with prominent Native American authors, past and present,
8. to help students recognize stereotyping in literature,
9. to develop skills in analyzing and interpreting literature, and
10. to develop language arts skills of reading, writing, speaking and listening.

POST-COLUMBIAN LITERATURE—BLOCK A

INTRODUCTION

The first of the European migrants to North America saw the continent's original inhabitants as a barbaric and different people who posed a great threat to the newcomers' survival. The colonists little understood Native Americans nor did they care to. The "heathens" were simply an inferior race standing as a barrier to providence-inspired conquests and settlements.

The English interlopers were especially of this bent. It is, therefore, not surprising that their first literary documents were unsympathetic to the Indians. An early narrative history of the settlement of Plymouth Rock illustrates this view well. Edward Johnson, in a work published in 1654 (*The Wonder-working Providence of Sion's Savior in New England*), praised heaven for inflicting a plague, possibly smallpox, upon the natives prior to the arrival of God's chosen. ". . . by this means," he wrote, "Christ. . . not only made room for his people to plant; but also tamed the hard and cruel hearts of these barbarous Indians. . ."

In this manner began the literature about Native Americans written in English. As time passed written accounts lost some of their viciousness, but the erroneous threads continued to be woven into the colored patterns of American literature. If God no longer delivered plague and conquest, the new god of the Enlightenment and of the Industrial Revolution, called Progress, made the death of the "vanishing Red Man" equally inevitable.

Even observers with kindly feelings predicted the end of a race. Thomas Jefferson, for example, stated in his *Notes on the State of Virginia* that the Indian's only chance for survival was that he be assimilated into the culture of his conquerors. Other writers dreamed of a "Noble Savage" close to nature, simple and uncorrupted, yet still savage and no match for the modern world—a child contending in an adult universe.

This idealized Indian was even less human, less personal, and less real. He was a one-dimensional figure, seen as the exact opposite of the European. If the late-comers were loud and foolish, the Native American was quiet in his cigar-store wisdom; if they were sober, he was drunk; if they were poor ecologists, he revered nature; if they were hard-working, he was lazy.

Despite this neat categorizing of his character, the Indian became a major figure in American literature, far out of proportion to his numbers. Gradually, however, more attention was given to facts. Some writers, perhaps unfamiliar with the myths of Europe, began to draw upon Native American traditions for source materials, materials which pre-dated the European presence in the New World.

Native American writers, possessing a noble history and a rich tradition of oral literature, today challenge the stereotypes. Such men as Vine Deloria, Jr., N. Scott Momaday, and James Welch are bringing new awarenesses to non-Indian readers. The old miscon-

ceptions, nevertheless, still live. The truths, never dead, also live. It seems that neither is destined to disappear.

Thus Native American literature grows like the Manifest Destiny that conquered the continent, and endures like whispered echoes from milleniums ago. The past is ours and so is the future.

PLAN	ACTIVITY	RESOURCES	EVALUATION AND TEACHER'S COMMENTS
INTRODUCTION The purpose of this unit is to gain a general understanding of the nature and purpose of Native American Literature and to motivate students to want to learn more about post-Columbian literature.	Read Appendix 1 and "Introduction," AMERICAN INDIAN AUTHORS Discuss the nature of literature and how Native American Literature, like other literatures, has evolved from oral traditions	Appendix 1, (THE WAY by Shirley Witt and Stan Steiner, pp. xxii-xxvii) "Introduction," pp. 1-3, AMERICAN INDIAN AUTHORS edited by Natachee Scott Momaday WE ARE INDIANS: AMERICAN INDIAN LITERATURE - filmstrips, Guidance Associates	
BIOGRAPHY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY Review with students the various definitions of biography and autobiography.	View films Have students select and study various individual biographies (short or long) in preparation for classroom presentations (examples: oral comparison and contrast of biographical subjects, filmstrips, bulletin boards, posters, book reviews, a series of fictional newspaper clippings about a character's life, taped fictional interviews with biographical subject or one of his relatives or associates, paraphrase a Native American biography, etc.) Have students write short autobiographies of people they know or have known Have the class choose an important Native American and immortalize him/her through various media (examples: filmstrips, movies, plays, written biographies, comic strips, coloring books, T.V. scenario, etc.)	ISHI IN TWO WORLDS - film, G-286, color, 18 minutes SEQUOYAH -film, G-285, color, 15 minutes MARIA - film, A-121, color, 15 minutes GERONIMO JONES -film, H-219, color, 21 minutes THE DAY THEY HANGED THE SIOUX by C. Fayne Porter, Scholastic PATRIOT CHIEFS by Alvin Josephy, Viking Press Chapter 7, pp. 414-439, LITERATURE OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN "I Do Have a Name," by Emerson Blackhorse Mitchell and T. D. Allen, pp. 70-78, AMERICAN INDIAN AUTHORS NAVAJO BIOGRAPHIES, Navajo Curriculum Center	22 7

PLAN	ACTIVITY	RESOURCES	EVALUATION AND TEACHER'S COMMENTS
		"Biography and Autobiography," pp. 72-102 in LITERATURE BY AND ABOUT THE AMERICAN INDIAN by Anna Lee Stensland, NCTE	
HISTORICAL NARRATIVE Be careful to present a well balanced selection of historical narratives to provide a balance between past and current events.	View film Read and discuss introduction pp. 1-12, LITERATURE OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN Select a wide variety of historical narratives to be studied and discussed by the class as a whole	SENTINELS OF SILENCE: RUINS OF ANCIENT MEXICO - film, S-351, color, 19 minutes "A Historical Overview by Way of Introduction: Who Are We? Where Did We Come From? What Makes Us Endure?" pp. 1-12, LITERATURE OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN "Blood on the Little Bighorn," pp. 30-37, "Butchering at Wounded Knee," pp. 43-48 and "The Killing of Crazy Horse," pp. 39-42, AMERICAN INDIAN AUTHORS edited by Natachee Scott Momaday "History," pp. 41-101, and "War and Defense," pp. 209-242, ZUNI SELF-PORTRAYALS University of New Mexico SELECT NAVAJO HISTORICAL OCCURENCES, 1850-1923 by Robert A. Roessel, Jr., Navajo Community College Press THE LONG DEATH: THE LAST DAYS OF THE PLAINS INDIANS by Robert K. Andrist, Collier THE LAST DAYS OF THE SIOUX NATION by Robert Utley, Yale University Press	

PLAN	ACTIVITY	RESOURCES	EVALUATION AND TEACHER'S COMMENTS
		NAVAJO STORIES OF THE LONG WALK PERIOD, Navajo Community College Press	
SHORT FICTION Choose a variety of short fiction selections for the students to read. One way to help students in writing the fictionalized theme would be to emphasize the importance of fantasizing in fiction by asking students who they would rather be if they could be anybody else and why.	Discuss various techniques of writing short stories Read and discuss selected stories Have students write fictionalized theme Have students read a story and then rewrite it from a different point of view Have students read a story and then write a different ending Listen to tapes Encourage students to draw from their own experience and tell scary stories Develop within the classroom an anthology of student short fiction	"An Alien Form Mastered: Fiction," pp. 471-514, LITERATURE OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN "Scars of Honor," by Dorothy M. Johnson, Appendix 2 "A Man Called Horse," by Dorothy M. Johnson, Appendix 3 THE MAN TO SEND RAIN CLOUDS edited by Kenneth Rosen, Vintage STAR TORCH, Gallup-McKinley County Public Schools "Saturday Night in Standing Rock" Sioux - Appendix 4, tape "The Promised Visit," by Grey Cohoe, pp. 106-116 AMERICAN INDIAN AUTHORS "The Huge Hand From The Ocean" - Eskimo - Appendix 5, tape "Water Baby Stories" - Shoshone, Ute, Paiute - Appendix 6, tape "Deer Woman" - Omaha, Ponca - Appendix 7, tape "Stukwiniyuh, The Horned Water Monster" - Creek - Appendix 8, tape "Ute Skinwalker Story," Appendix 9, tape	9 25

PLAN	ACTIVITY	RESOURCES	EVALUATION AND TEACHER'S COMMENTS
		"How the Owl Came for Grandmother" - Choctaw -Appendix 10, tape "How Deer Got His Horns" -Cheyenne - Appendix 11, tape	
NOVEL See Appendix 12 for a list of suggested novels. In helping students select individual novels, the teacher should briefly introduce several books.	Have class study a novel selected by the teacher or Students may engage in any of the following activities with a novel of their choice: characterization, read favorite passage from the book to the class, illustrate favorite passage from the book, design a book jacket, make a poster advertising the book, dramatize a scene from the book, produce a comic book based on the novel, describe setting, etc.	Appendix 12, Bibliography of Suggested Novels	
ESSAYS Point out to the class the basic purposes of writing an essay. 27	Read introduction to Chapter 8, LITERATURE OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN View film Read a selection of essays, discuss, and have students write essays of their own	Introduction to Chapter 8, pp. 445-451, LITERATURE OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN "Old Injustices; New Protests," pp. 515-526, LITERATURE OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN "This Country Was a Lot Better Off When the Indians Were Running It," by Vine Deloria, Jr., pp. 133-144, AMERICAN INDIAN AUTHORS THE WAY edited by Shirley Witt and Stan. Steiner, Vintage	23 10

PLAN	ACTIVITY	RESOURCES	EVALUATION AND TEACHER'S COMMENTS
		THE PORTABLE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN READER edited by Frederick W. Turner, III, Viking THE AMERICAN INDIAN SPEAKS -film, H-226, color, 23 minutes AKWESASNE NOTES, University of New York at Buffalo NAVAJO TIMES, Navajo Tribe	
CONTEMPORARY POETRY Give students a variety of examples of the many types of modern poetry. NOTE: You may want to review by way of introduction the filmstrip, WE ARE INDIANS.	Review filmstrip Read and study a selection of poetry Have students do one or more of the following: illustrate a poem (poster, bulletin board, comics, coloring book, etc.) write original poetry, do choral readings, do oral presentation for class, make tapes Plan a field trip to an inspiring site Have a poet visit class	"New Poets in the Land," pp. 452-470, LITERATURE OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN THE WAY edited by Shirley Witt and Stan Steiner, Viking ARROWS IV, edited by T. D. Allen, Pocket Books ARROWS VI, edited by T. D. Allen, The Kehoe-Mamer Foundation STAR TORCH, Gallup-McKinley County Public Schools AMERICAN INDIAN POETRY, edited by George W. Cronyn, Liveright THE WHISPERING WIND: POETRY BY YOUNG AMERICAN INDIANS, edited by Terry Allen, Doubleday and Company THE MOON OF RIPENING, edited by C. Fayne Porter, Institute of American Indian Arts	11 30

PLAN

ACTIVITY

RESOURCES

EVALUATION AND
TEACHER'S COMMENTS

THE WAY TO RAINY MOUNTAIN by N. Scott
Momaday, University of New Mexico Press

WE ARE INDIANS: AMERICAN INDIAN
LITERATURE - filmstrips, Guidance Associates

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ORAL LITERATURE—BLOCK B

INTRODUCTION

As man contests with his world in an attempt to understand the relationships of man to his fellow man, of man to his universe, and of man to his gods, he is all but overwhelmed by the forces which beset him. One of his most effective survival techniques has always been a resort to his creative imagination, where he is allowed to rearrange this disturbing world so that the besetting forces can be more readily understood and dealt with. From this basic need to rationalize and explain that which appears irrational and inexplicable springs the complex tales of every people.

The Native American is the inheritor of one of the world's richest oral traditions; woven through his myth, legend, and folklore run the same archetypal themes which mark other great literatures of the world. As Prometheus brought fire to the first Greeks, so Saynday brought the sun to the first Kiowas (See Appendix B); as Beowulf rescued his Anglo-Saxon world from the foul monster Grendel, so Itsuyahyuh (Coyote) rescued his Nez Perce world from the foul monster Kamiah (See Appendix F).

Today each of us has been brought up in a world filled with books, those repositories of man's experience. It is difficult for us to imagine a time when there were no books, a time before man had learned to set down his thoughts and thus preserve them. Yet writing is very recent in man's history, and for untold thousands of years man handed down his wisdom by means of the spoken word rather than the written.

Once the word is set down, a strange thing happens; it tends to lose many of the very important characteristics ascribed to it by preliterate peoples. When only the spoken word exists, it is viewed as having a creative power and a life of its own. In the word is seen the beginnings of all things; many early peoples, the Native Americans among them, believed the word to be older than the gods. This very common view of the nature of the word is expressed powerfully in the opening line of the Book of JOHN: "In the beginning was the Word, and Word was with God, and the Word was God."

We of the late twentieth century all too often fall into the trap of feeling that material has to appear in print before it becomes literature. Not so! Homer never saw his great tales set down; Cain and Abel have lived incomparably longer in the oral tradition than in the written; those adventures related on Chaucer's pilgrimage to Canterbury have now been imprisoned in print for some six hundred years, but the basic plot lines of those tales had been kept alive by storytellers for perhaps ten times that long before Chaucer ever heard them.

It is intriguing to reflect upon the degree to which the ancient and honorable oral tradition feeds the literary creations of today, not only those which appear in written form but also those in the medium of the screen. The folk hero lives in all times and among all peoples—the themes of myth and legend are universal, and today we are as busily engaged in making myths as man has ever been. Superman is an up-dated Ulysses; the Bionic Woman is a later-day Amazon who draws her strength from twentieth-century science rather than from the vagaries of pre-Christian gods; as the residents of Rome once gathered by the thousands to urge on the lions in the arena, so the residents of Detroit today gather by the thousands in another arena to urge on their Lions.

As a matter of general interest, today's non-Indian world has already borrowed one of the most appealing of the Indian folk figures, the trickster demi-god. All early literatures have a trickster; most of us are familiar with Loki from Scandinavian mythology as an example. But in no other oral literature does the trickster play a more prominent part than with the Indian. He may parade under a multitude of names—Gluskap, Winuhbuhzhoo, Iktomi, Saynday, Coyote, Raven, Spider, Rabbit, plus a whole host of other designations—but these figures will have much in common; they are made up of approximately equal parts greatness and nonsense, brilliance and buffoonery, wisdom and witlessness. We in the west are familiar with tales of Coyote; east of the Mississippi the most common figure was that of Great Hare, or Trickster Rabbit. This figure was the principal source for the development of the character of Brer Rabbit, immortalized by Joel Chandler Harris and popularly thought to have sprung out of black folklore. Again, not so! It is true that the rabbit figure was a familiar one in black legend, but much of Brer Rabbit was indigenous to the Americas. But not only is Trickster Rabbit the literary father of Brer Rabbit, he is the literary grandfather of Bugs Bunny! And the real spirit of Trickster Rabbit is seen very clearly in his grandson (See Appendix C).

Another important role of the spoken word is seen in its contribution to the vitality of history. The texture and the color of an historical period is too often lost between the covers of thick books; the flavor lies in the oral accounts of those informants who were a part of that period. Much of the important information illustrating the Indian view of history and literature remains in the oral tradition and has never been written. It is in an effort to share those treasures of the mind that we urge a serious investigation of some of the ancient roles of spoken language; we urge each teacher using this guide to listen.

There are many important learning skills that are not readily absorbed through written materials; there is a group sharing in oral literature which is impossible in other more formalized methods of teaching; there is something in each of us that loves a good story. In summary, dear teacher, enjoy!

PLAN	ACTIVITY	RESOURCES	EVALUATION AND TEACHER'S COMMENTS
INTRODUCTION Teacher sets tone of class as a free atmosphere where ideas are exchanged. Explain oral traditions. Stress that sharing oral traditions involves team effort.	Students should determine a working classroom definition of oral tradition. Each Student should write about a familiar oral tradition.	See Introduction to Oral Literature	
CREATION MYTHS Explain that all peoples have explanations of how the world began. It should be stressed that we will compare and contrast a variety of these accounts. Locate a resource person who will come to class and tell a Native American creation myth. (Check with your Title IV home liaison officer for a list of willing resource people. Check with Title IV Coordinator about possibility of paying resource people.)	Read creation accounts and listen to tapes. Have a student story telling session. Have student presentations of creation accounts studied in class. Have a presentation by a resource person. View filmstrip. View film.	"Blackfeet Genesis," pp. 37-41, LITERATURE OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN "The Cheyenne Account of How the World Was Made," (Mud-diver Story). pp. 22-26, LITERATURE OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN "Laguna Genesis," - Appendix A, (Homer With a Rawhide Drum), tape "The Emergence according to the Hopi," pp. 48-52, LITERATURE OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN ARROW TO THE SUN - film, L-270, color, 12 minutes	15 38

PLAN	ACTIVITY	RESOURCES	EVALUATION AND TEACHER'S COMMENTS
		"The Genesis of the Worlds, or the Beginning of Newness, according to the Zuni," pp. 54-59, LITERATURE OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN Resource Person A VISIT TO THE FATHER, Centron Educational filmstrips LEGEND DAYS ARE OVER - film, H-248, color, 5 minutes	
ANIMAL LEGENDS, TRICKSTER TALES, AND OTHERS Teacher reads for personal enrichment introduction to chapter 2, pp. 63-68, LITERATURE OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN. Explain to students the nature of folklore. Students should become aware of a wide variety of animal legends and trickster tales.	Read stories and listen to tapes View filmstrips and tapes Have a student storytelling session Have a presentation by a resource person Have students illustrate animal legends, trickster tales, etc. (comic strips, filmstrips, bulletin boards, sketches, coloring books, etc.) Have students make a chart showing similarities and differences of all major trickster figures Have students create an original animal legend, trickster tale, etc.	"Saynday Steals the Sun" - Kiowa - Appendix B, tape. "Saynday and the Whirlwind Woman" - Kiowa - Appendix B, tape HOW BEAVER STOLE FIRE - film, L - 157, color, 12 minutes "Saynday and the Gambler" - Kiowa - Encyclopedia Britannica filmstrip, ("American Indian Legends") "Trickster Rabbit and the Stone Cliff" and "Trickster Rabbit and the Lion" - Seminole - Appendix C, tape	16 40

PLAN	ACTIVITY	RESOURCES	EVALUATION AND TEACHER'S COMMENTS
Note: "Iktomi and the Mud Hen" may be compared with "Manabozho and the Hell-Diver" pp. 77-78, LITERATURE OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN, and "Coyote and the Skunk" pp. 1-16, COYOTE STORIES. Also "Saynday Steals the Sun" may be compared with "The Theft of Light" and "The Theft of Fire," pp. 98-102, LITERATURE OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN.		COYOTE TALES - Navajo - BFA filmstrip COYOTE STORIES - Navajo - Navajo Curriculum Center, Rough Rock AMERICAN INDIAN LEGENDS - Various tribes - Encyclopedia Britannica filmstrip "An Account of the Adventures of Winuhbuhzhoo," Chippewa - Appendix D, tape THE LOON'S NECKLACE - film, H-101, color, 11 minutes "Iktomi and the Waterfowl" - Sioux - Appendix E tape "Itsuyahyuh Creates Man" - Nez Perce, and "Speelyai and Why Man Is Mortal" - Yakima - Appendix F, tape "Manabozho and the Hell-Diver," pp. 77-78, "The Theft of Light," pp. 98-100; and "The Theft of Fire," pp. 100-102; LITERATURE OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN "Coyote and the Skunk" - Navajo - COYOTE STORIES, Navajo Curriculum Center, Rough Rock NORTH AMERICAN LEGENDS - film, H-235, color, 21 minutes LEGEND OF THE MAGIC KNIVES - film, L-170, color, 11 minutes Resource Person	

PLAN	ACTIVITY	RESOURCES	EVALUATION AND TEACHER'S COMMENTS
GAMES Demonstrate how games are related to oral literature.	Students will listen to stories and follow direction for playing games Students will participate in games with teacher and resource persons	String GAMES OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN by Stuart Culin, Appendix G Teacher should try to locate resource people who can teach and play a locally popular Native American game and tell its corresponding story "Potawatomi Squaw Dice," Appendix H	
ORAL TRADITION AND HISTORY Guide students in determination of a definition of oral tradition and history. Students should be made aware that history is a continuing process. It is what happened yesterday as well as what happened a hundred years ago.	Read selected stories that illustrate oral traditions Students should determine a working definition of oral tradition and history Have resource people come in and relate oral traditions or history Have students collect oral traditions and history (recipes, processes, past events, etc.) Have students share their collections of oral traditions and history (tapes, photos, class-made books, oral presentation, etc.) Have each student complete check list of listening skills (Appendix I)	NAVAJO STORIES OF THE LONG WALK PERIOD, Navajo Community College Press THE ZUNIS: SELF-PORTRAYALS, University of New Mexico Press Resource People Students Listening Skills, Appendix I	18

PLAN	ACTIVITY	RESOURCES	EVALUATION AND TEACHER'S COMMENTS
PAGEANTRY At this time, pageantry is the best example of Native American drama available to us. When you discover other quality examples of Native American drama, use them appropriately and please share them with other teachers of Native American Literature. Have a Native American with knowledge of event give detailed preliminary explanation before class attends any ceremony. If students are not briefed, do not attend ceremony.	View films Listen to resource person's presentation. Attend ceremonial (only if qualified Native American has explained ceremony in depth to the class and if invited) Have students compare and contrast a traditional with a contemporary pageant, i.e., Miss America, Indian Princess, Homecoming Queen, Rose Bowl Parade, etc.	NAVAJO NIGHT DANCERS - film, H-227, color, 11 minutes Resource People Ceremonies as available NAVAJO MOUNTAIN CHANT by Washington Mathews, Bureau of American Ethnology	
ORATORY Provide students with all readily available resources on oratory. Lead students to an understanding of the power of oratory and the dependence upon the spoken word when no written language exists.	Read Introduction to Chapter 5, LITERATURE OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN, pp. 241-248 Allow in-class survey and student selection of favorite orations to be studied in depth. (Examples of methods: make tapes, oral presentations to class, compare and contrast traditional orations with current events and other orations, historical analysis, etc.) Have students name a traditional Native American oration that has special significance to them and state reasons for their choices	Chapter 5, pp. 241-311, LITERATURE OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN TOUCH THE EARTH edited by T.C. McLuhan, Orterbridge and Dienstfrey INDIAN ORATORY edited by W.C. Vanderworth, Ballantine Books	19

PLAN	ACTIVITY	RESOURCES	EVALUATION AND TEACHER'S COMMENTS
MUSIC The study of Native American music may be used as a lead-in to the study of poetry since the two are so closely related. However, music has traditionally permeated the entire culture and cannot be isolated into a separate study.	View film Listen to tapes Have resource people make presentations on Native American music Drum and sing Native American songs	DISCOVERING AMERICAN INDIAN MUSIC - film, MU-300, color, 24 minutes THE INDIAN'S BOOK by Natalie Curtis, Dover AMERICAN INDIANS SING by Charles Hofmann, John Day Company THE SKY CLEARS by A. Grove Day, Bison SINGING FOR POWER by Ruth M. Underhill, Ballantine "Indian Music Workshop" - tapes by Louis Ballard Resource people Note: Remember your local Indian Club as a resource	
TRADITIONAL POETRY Note: Be careful. In many instances you should not ask students to paraphrase traditional ritual poems. Acquaint students with examples of traditional verse and the purposes for which they were intended.	Read Introduction to Chapter 3, pp. 103-119, LITERATURE OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN Allow in-class survey and student selection of poems to be studied in depth Have each student do one of the following: Illustrate (poster, booklet, etc.) two or more poems; Write a poem based on a traditional theme; Do choral readings; Make tapes; Memorize poems for oral presentation;	"Pre-Columbian Poetry," Chapter 3, pp. 103-182, LITERATURE OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN THE SKY CLEARS by A. Grove Day, Bison Books AMERICAN INDIAN POETRY by George Cronyin, Liveright AMERICAN INDIAN PROSE AND POETRY by Margaret Astrov, Capricorn IN THE TRAIL OF THE WIND: AMERICAN INDIAN POEMS AND RITUAL ORATIONS by John Bierhorst, Noonday	

PLAN

ACTIVITY

RESOURCES

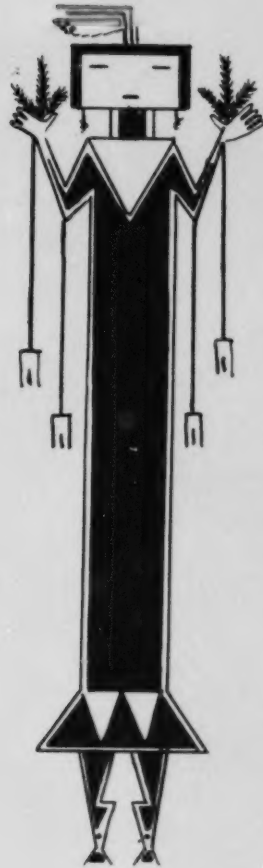
EVALUATION AND
TEACHER'S COMMENTS

Show film

Have students name a traditional Native
American poem that has special significance to
them and state reasons for their choice

IN BEAUTY I WALK - film, I-175, color,
50 minutes

APPENDICES



APPENDIX 1

Introduction, THE WAY

No writing systems comparable with Old World systems had been developed in the New World. No evidence of formal traditional literature met the eye of the invader—no books, no libraries. The Euramericans found no books to admire nor books to burn. Surely these were a mute people!

But, the typification of the Indian as wooden and mute is, from the native viewpoint, an absurdity. Even Colonel Dodge had time enough between punitive expeditions to learn that, "In their everyday life Indians are vivacious, chatty, fond of telling and hearing stories, indulge in broad wit, and are specially fond of practical jokes."

The fact is, Indians are downright garrulous in comfortable situations, in the proper places. Anyone who has ever attended an Indian conference already knows the truth of this statement.

And there is more to this than sheer talkativeness as opposed to muteness. Simply saying that Indians at home have always been, and still are, loquacious does not lead us any closer to what this book is about. We need to know the traditions which even now dictate the quality and quantity of Indian speech. We need to know something of the antecedents leading to the words this book contains.

Without an effective writing system, man seems yet to feel a need for some kind of perfected communication mode or technique. Man must educate his children with the knowledge of their forebears; he needs to elevate ordinary communication to levels of importance whenever necessary; he needs recreation through verbal communication. These in literate societies can take special and different forms beyond the ordinary.

Depending upon oral transmission for all things, high value is placed on exact repetition of traditional lore, stories, ceremonial narrative, and various parts of governmental business. Among Indians, this is carried further into the realm of everyday life in songs and the repeating of conversations, incidents, anecdotes, jokes, and the like. The tradition of exact repetition persists to the present day in such a way that, for instance, a joke told in New Mexico may be heard again in Nebraska and Indiana and then in Washington, D.C., told by four different Indians, months apart, and yet the joke will be recited exactly, word for word. This contrasts with people who place value on individual improvisation. Appalachian hill people, for instance, try to put a personal stamp on each telling or singing so that the song "Barbara Allen," as an example, has a nearly infinite number of versions. The tradition of exact repetition is not a function of an unimaginative people: It is a tradition born out of necessity for a better recording system.

The tradition has other ramifications which contrast with literate societies. For one, Indian people have a vast respect for the worth of the spoken or written word. The spoken

Witt, Shirley Hill and Stan Steiner. "Introduction," pp. xxii-xxvii from THE WAY: AN ANTHOLOGY OF AMERICAN INDIAN LITERATURE, Copyright, 1972. Reprinted by permission of Harold Matson Company, Inc.

word contains a life all its own, an endless life. The spoken word does not fall to the ground, shatter, and turn to dust, in Indian comprehension. The spoken word is born, takes flight, and lives forever—always ready to be recalled if need be. And, when words have the value of immortality, one is careful not to use them haphazardly or falsely. In contrast, Indian people often harbor an abiding wonder at the blatant lies voiced by advertising, newspapers, politicians, and BIA employees. All words being immortal, are these liars not haunted?

If words possess sanctity and imperishability, they must be fittingly couched and exhibited. For speech to have full meaning, it must also have silence. Silence is half of speech: speech is half of silence. It is not pause. Neither is it an interlude of anxiety glowing red and viscous. It is not a time of frantic groping for thoughts and words to express thoughts. Least of all is silence the brackets surrounding communication. Silence is the continuity which integrates ideas and words. And it is more. Silence is a thing of power. Beyond any utterance, the power of silence stands vast and awesome.

The power of silence heightened the speech of the ancients even as it does today among the living generations. Such a bountiful style is slow to be abandoned. Thus, it is understood that one must not flood the air with words, hoping that from sheer volume the pristine thoughts will voluntarily float free and full-blown. Only verbal pollution results from this. If we recognize the value of words, then silence is not threatening; it is not laden with tension. Silence instead is potent and honorable.

In the great reluctance of Indian people to interrupt when another person is speaking one sees this respect for words. Only rarely, perhaps in emergencies, does one speak over the voices of others. Part of the reason must simply be what constitutes good manners. But, beyond this, the worth of the word is extended to encompass the right of the individual to speak his own words without interference.

The mark of a traditionalist in speaking is his extreme care in the choice of words he uses, whether it be English or his own language. Linked to the immortality of words is the need to use the precise word needed to express the idea. Often, then, when using English, the listener should conjure up the dictionary definitions of the words he hears rather than apply the looser usages he accepts from other English-speakers. Also this implies, frequently enough, a great economy of a sort in the use of words. A proper speaker will use as few words as possible to convey a specific thought. This does not mean that Indian speeches are short. On the contrary, they seem all too often interminable for non-Indian members of an audience. But each thought is described with a minimum of verbiage. This leads to almost habitual use among traditionalists, who seek to preserve the old ways, of the figure of speech called by the Greeks *synecdoche*. The speaker can hereby designate a part for the whole of a thing (*my wool for my sheep herd*), the whole for a part (*the tribe for the tribal chairman*), the species for the genus (*my case worker for the Bureau of Indian Affairs*), the genus for the species (*Washington for the Bureau of Indian Affairs local agency*), the name of the material for the thing made (*the electric for any electrical appliance*), and the like. It can become exceedingly complex.

Further, it can often enough provoke massive frustration in those who do not share a body of experiences and certain presumptions with the speaker. In a poem by Simon Ortiz, we are told about the poet's giving a ride to a Navajo woman hitching home. She says she has

been to Phoenix to visit her daughter and that "I got a headache." The poem continues right on without pause, because that was the way it was. But the "headache" should convey essays to us, essays about cities and heat and smog and too many people and walk/don't walk signs and mechanical noises and, and, and. This example seems simple enough when it is thought about. But in continuing speech or conversation, the "dichotomy of simple words and cosmic meanings," as Stan Steiner puts in, coming frequently, can sorely press a newcomer.

The most important function of the oral tradition is seen in its official executors—the tribal teachers, the priests, the orators. Not much need be said about these Indian teachers and priests here beyond the fact that their "library" is what they have committed to memory. The orator, on the other hand, combines memorization with the creative talent to articulate well the thoughts and opinions of the people, whether speaking to them or to outsiders. In large part because of this creativity, the orator is a highly respected member of Indian societies. Orating long ago became an art form for these people. The names of many of these orators—often called prophets—come down to us through history. Some whose words we will read here are: Red Jacket, Tecumtha, Black Hawk, Sitting Bull, Seathe, Geronimo . . .

Thomas Jefferson, in his *Notes On Virginia*, commented on the eloquence of one such orator—Logan, the Mingo chief: "I may challenge the whole orations of Demosthenes and Cicero, or any more eminent orator . . . to produce a single passage superior to the speech of Logan."

In their own turn, the great speeches became part of the oral tradition. The art lives on. The talent and brilliance of a good orator still evokes respect. But, there is a difference between speechmaker and orator. The number of speeches made by Indian speechmakers per year is enormous—and uncountable. Perhaps no other group in North America comes anywhere near the ratios of speeches per capita and speakers per capita as are produced from the ranks of the Indian people. But an orator is something apart: a resource, an asset, a credit to his people.

Five generations of orators are living today and, even if they do not view themselves as traditional orators, others consider them so. Heading the list as perhaps the eldest is Clinton Rickard (Tuscarora). We will name a few others: Vine Deloria, Sr. (Sioux), Paul Bernal (Taos), Wendell Chino (Apache), Robert Lewis (Zuni), Edward LaPlante (Chippewa), Clifton Hill (Creek), Eugene Crawford (Sioux), Herbert Blatchford (Navajo), Simon Ortiz (Acoma), William Personeau (Ponca). Of all, Clyde Warrior (Ponca) would have led this list as the best of the young traditionalists. But we have lost him.

Most of those named speak articulately in two languages: English and their own. Many more unknown to outsiders are orators solely in their own languages.

APPENDIX 2

SCARS OF HONOR

Charley Lockjaw died last summer on the reservation. He was very old—a hundred years, he had claimed. He still wore his hair in braids, as only the older men do in his tribe.

His death was no surprise to anyone. What startled the Indian agent, and some of Charley's own people when they heard about it, was the fact that some of the young men of the tribe sacrificed a horse on his grave. Charley wasn't buried on holy ground; he never went near the mission. He was buried down by the creek. His lame great-grandson, Joe Walking Wolf, and three other young Indians took this horse out there and shot it. It was a fine sorrel gelding. It was only seven years old, broke fairly gentle, and had nothing wrong with it.

The mission priest was disturbed about the killing of the horse. He suspected some dark pagan meaning, and he tried to find out why the young men killed it. He urged Joe's mother, Mary, to find out, but she never did—or if she did, she never told. Joe only said, "It was my horse."

The story about the killing of the horse begins, though, in 1941, before that horse was ever born. The young men were being drafted then. The agent explained it all over and over again so nobody would have an excuse for not understanding.

The agent kept telling them, "In the World War, you were not citizens, so you did not have to go in the Army." (He meant the first World War, of course.) "Many of your fathers enlisted in the Army anyway, and they were good fighters. They did not have to go, but they wanted to. Now you are citizens, you can vote, and some of you will have to go in the Army. When the letters come for you, we will talk about it again."

Some of the young men didn't want to wait until the letters came. Fighting was part of their tradition. It was in the old men's stories, and the names of their long-dead warriors were in history books.

The middle-aged men of the tribe remembered the white man's war they had fought in. But the stories they told were of places too distant for understanding. The stories the grandfathers told were better. Their stories were of warriors who never marched or drilled but walked softly in moccasins or rode naked on fleet war ponies. They had no uniforms; they wore mystic painted symbols on face and body. Those were battles without artillery, but with muzzle-loading rifles and iron-tipped lances. Killing was not the most important thing in those old battles; more important was proof of a man's courage in the face of death. The bravest were those few who dared to carry no weapon at all, but only a whip, for counting coup on a living, unhurt enemy.

Only two or three of the old men remembered so far back. One of them was Charley Lockjaw. He was suddenly important. If he had not lived two generations too late, he would have been important simply because he was old. There was a time when it was a good thing to

Johnson, Dorothy M. "Scars of Honor," pp. 9-19 from *BEYOND TOMORROW*, Copyright, 1970. Reprinted by permission of McIntosh and Otis, Inc.

be an Indian, and old. But Charley was cheated—almost—of his honors, because he lived at the wrong time.

Suddenly, he was needed. He was sitting in front of his summer tepee, when four young men came to him. They were modern Indians, with white men's haircuts and clothes. Now, they were all cowboys, even the lame one, his great-grandson Joe.

Charley looked up, ready to be angry. He expected some disrespectful greeting like "Hey, Grampa, look here."

Joe cleared his throat and said in Cheyenne, "Greetings, my Grandfather." It was the way a young man talked to a wise old one in the buffalo years that were gone.

Joe asked gravely. "Will you smoke with us, my Grandfather?"

Charley was at first indignant, thinking they meant to tease him. They were atheists who did not believe in the old religion or any of the new ones. He railed at them, but they did not go away. They stood there with their heads bent, accepting what he said.

He looked at their sober faces and was ashamed for his own lack of courtesy. When he understood they were sincere, he would have done anything for them. There was not much he could do anymore, and nobody had asked him to do anything for a long time.

If he took the pipe and smoked, that said, "I will do whatever you ask." He did not know what they were going to ask, but his heart was full at being approached in the old way, clumsy as these modern Indians were about it. He said, "I will smoke with you."

He made them build a fire in the center of his tepee. He sat in the honor seat, the place of the lodge owner. The young men were patient, sitting where he told them to.

He filled the pipe and lighted it with a coal from the fire. With slow, remembered ceremony he offered the pipestem to the power of the earth below, and to the spirits of the four directions.

Then he himself took four puffs and passed the pipe to young Yellowbird, who was on his left.

When he motioned that the time had come for them to talk, young Joe said formally in Cheyenne, "My grandfather has told of the old times long ago, and we have listened. He has told how the warriors used to go on a hilltop with a wise old man and stay there and dream before they went on the warpath. We want to dream that way, my Grandfather, because we are going to war."

"It is a hard thing to do," he told the young men. "Some men cannot do it. Alone on a high place for four days and four nights, without food or water. It is good to finish this hard thing, but it is no disgrace not to finish.

"A man lies on a bed of white sage," he told them, "and he is alone after his teacher, his grandfather, has taught him what to do. After four days, his grandfather goes up the hill and gets him—if he has not come back before that time."

Charley Lockjaw remembered something else that was important and added firmly, "The young men bring the grandfather a gift."

The whole thing was secret so that no one would complain to anybody who might want to interfere. He took each man out separately to a hill chosen because of its height, its loneliness, and its location. At the foot of the hill, he and the young man left the horses. The

young man helped Charley up the hill. He made a bed of white sage, and Charley sang his prayers to the Spirit above.

Then he stumbled down the hill and got on the borrowed horse by himself and rode home. If the young man should give up before his time had passed, he could catch up the horse that was left.

None of them gave up, and none of them cheated. Each of them lay alone on the sage bed on the hill, singing the songs Charley Lockjaw had taught him. Some time was spent watching the sky (and seeing airplanes more often than wheeling eagles) and three times a day smoking the sacred pipe.

They had all done the best they could, the right thing, and they were ready to be warriors. They had endured in the old fashion.

When they had all returned, the four young men went down to town to enlist in the Army. Two of them came back—his grandson Joe and Tom Little Hand.

Tom said, "They don't want me. I don't see so good."

Joe Walking Wolf didn't say anything. He went around with his bad limp and got a job for a few days on a white man's ranch, sawing branches off some trees in the yard.

In the winter, the war clouds broke with lightning and thunder, and the Army decided Tom Little Hand could see plenty well to go to war. The Army began to take some married men, too, and almost all the single ones except lame Joe Walking Wolf.

For a couple of years, old Charley Lockjaw wasn't important anymore. The people who were important were those who could read the letters that came to the settlement, and those who could write the answers.

Some of the young men came back on leave. They strolled around the settlement and rode over to the agency in their uniforms and went to the white man's store. Some of the white ranchers went out of their way to shake hands with them and say, "Well, boy, how goes it?" They were important.

One of the letters that came to the reservation had bad news in it. It was in a yellow envelope, and the agent brought it over himself and explained to the mother of Tom Little Hand.

Tom had been wounded, it said, and was in a hospital.

The next morning Joe Walking Wolf, the lame one, made a visit to old Charley, carrying the old stone pipe. Joe wanted to swing at the pole.

Charley drew in a breath sharply and was ashamed because he trembled.

"The gift for that, to the grandfather," he cautioned, "must be a big gift, because it is a hard ceremony."

"The gift is outside with the pole," Joe said humbly.

And outside was Joe's good sorrel colt.

This was the only horse his great-grandson had. Charley nodded and said, "The gift is enough."

When he was a young man, he had paid many fine horses to the old one who taught him the ceremony for swinging at the pole. But he had had many horses to give and plenty of them left. This was a finer present than he had given, because it was all Joe had.

"Come back in four days," he said.

He was afraid, not only because he might forget something important or his hand might slip, but because someone might find out and try to stop him. For years, the old religion had been outlawed by the government in Washington.

It was a long time since a young man had wished to swing at the pole. There was no one left in the tribe, except Charley Lockjaw, who could instruct a pupil in the ceremony. No one could teach it except a man who had himself endured it. And only Charley had on his withered breast the knotted scars of that ordeal.

Now that Joe was going to do it, Charley could not keep the great thing to himself. A man who suffered at the pole gained honor—but how could he be credited if no one knew what he had done?

Back in the settlement Charley went around and told a few safe, religious men what was happening. They said their hearts were with Joe, and Charley knew that Joe would have his honor among his people.

At sunrise on the fourth day, Joe and Charley rode far out to a safe place among the sandstone cliffs.

Then Charley was shaken by terror. "Do not be too sure about this thing. Maybe the spirits will not hear my voice or yours."

Joe Walking Wolf said, "I will do it anyway. Tom Little Hand has a bad wound, and he is my friend. I will make this sacrifice because maybe it will help him get well."

Charley dug a hole to set the pole in. He told Joe how to set up the pole and fasten a lariat to it. He had Joe make a bed of white sage. When everything was ready, Joe said, "Fasten it to my back. I don't want to see it."

Charley made his hands as steady as he could and pinched the skin on Joe's right shoulder. He tunneled through the pinched part with a sharp knife. Through the tunnel, he thrust a wooden skewer three inches long. Joe did not move.

Charley put another skewer under the skin on the left shoulder, and over each skewer, he put a loop of rawhide. This he tied to the lariat that hung from the pole. The skewers would never be pulled out as they had been put in.

He lifted Joe to his feet and made him lean forward to see that the rope was tight and the pull even. Joe walked a quarter of a circle to the right four times, and back, sagging forward hard on the lariat's pull, trying to tear the skewers through.

Charley left the red stone pipe where he could reach it and said, "Three times before the sun goes down, stop and smoke for a little while. Break away if you can," he urged. "But if you cannot, there is no wrong thing done. If you cannot break away, I will cut you free when the sun goes down. Nobody can take away the honor."

Joe said, "I am not doing it to get honor. I am doing it to make Tom Little Hand get well again."

When he went back to the pole, Joe was still walking, still pulling.

Charley asked, "Did you have a dream?"

Joe said, "I saw Tom Little Hand riding a horse."

"What a man dreams when he swings at the pole," Charley told him, "is sure to come

true." He got out his knife and said, "Kneel down."

He cut out a small piece of skin from the right shoulder and the left, freeing the skewers, and laid the bits of bloody skin on the ground as an offering.

He touched Joe's arm and said gently, "It is ended."

Joe stood up, not even giving a deep breath to show he was glad the suffering was over.

Charley did something new then. He bandaged the wounds as well as he could, with clean gauze and tape from the white man's store. These were new things, not part of the ceremony. He saw that some new things were good as long as there were young men strong enough to keep to the old ones.

The spirits may be dead, he thought, but the strong hearts of the Cheyenne people still beat with courage like the steady sound of drums.

Some of the short-haired young men never did come back from the Army. But Joe's three friends came back, wearing their uniforms and medals. Tom Little Hand walked on crutches the first time he came home, with a cane the second time. But when he came home to stay, he needed only a brace on the leg that had been wounded, and a special shoe on that foot.

The three soldiers went to the agency to show off a little, and to the white man's store off the reservation. The white ranchers shook hands with them and called each one by name.

The ranchers never thought of shaking hands with Joe Walking Wolf. He had been around all the time, and the marks of honor were not in any medals but in the angry scars under his faded shirt.

After all the girls had had a chance to admire the uniforms, the young men took off their medals, to be put away with broken-feathered war bonnets. They went back to raising cattle or doing whatever work they could get.

When Charley died, he left his horse to Joe. So Joe wasn't lying when he said, "It was my horse."

The three other young men were there when Joe killed it. That was the right thing to do, they agreed, because in the old days when a warrior died, his best horse was sacrificed for him.

When Joe had shot the horse, the young men took the sharp knives they had brought along and peeled the hide off. They butchered the carcass, and took the great hunks of horse-meat home to their families.

Because the buffalo are gone from earth now, and in the dirt-roofed cabins of the Cheyenne, the conquered people, there is not often enough food to get ready a feast.

APPENDIX 3

A MAN CALLED HORSE

He was a young man of good family, as the phrase went in the New England of a hundred-odd years ago, and the reasons for his bitter discontent were unclear, even to himself. He grew up in the gracious old Boston home under his grandmother's care, for his mother had died in giving him birth; and all his life he had known every comfort and privilege his father's wealth could provide.

But still there was the discontent, which puzzled him because he could not even define it. He wanted to live among his equals—people who were no better than he and no worse either. That was as close as he could come to describing the source of his unhappiness in Boston and his restless desire to go somewhere else.

In the year 1845, he left home and went out West, far beyond the country's creeping frontier, where he hoped to find his equals. He had the idea that in Indian country, where there was danger, all white men were kings, and he wanted to be one of them. But he found, in the West as in Boston, that the men he respected were still his superiors, even if they could not read, and those he did not respect weren't worth talking to.

He did have money, however, and he could hire the men he respected. He hired four of them, to cook and hunt and guide and be his companions, but he found them not friendly.

They were apart from him and he was still alone. He still brooded about his status in the world, longing for his equals.

On a day in June, he learned what it was to have no status at all. He became a captive of a small raiding party of Crow Indians.

He heard gunfire and the brief shouts of his companions around the bend of the creek just before they died, but he never saw their bodies. He had no chance to fight, because he was naked and unarmed, bathing in the creek, when a Crow warrior seized and held him.

His captor let him go at last, let him run. Then the lot of them rode him down for sport, striking him with their coup sticks. They carried the dripping scalps of his companions, and one had skinned off Baptiste's black beard as well, for a trophy.

They took him along in a matter-of-fact way, as they took the captured horses. He was unshod and naked as the horses were, and like them he had a rawhide thong around his neck. So long as he didn't fall down, the Crows ignored him.

On the second day they gave him his breeches. His feet were too swollen for his boots, but one of the Indians threw him a pair of moccasins that had belonged to the halfbreed, Henri, who was dead back at the creek. The captive wore the moccasins gratefully. The third day they let him ride one of the spare horses so that the party could move faster, and on that day they came in sight of their camp.

He thought of trying to escape, hoping he might be killed in flight rather than by slow

Johnson, Dorothy M. "A Man Called Horse," Ballantine Books, Copyright, 1945.

torture in the camp, but he never had a chance to try. They were more familiar with escape than he was and, knowing what to expect, they forestalled it. The only other time he tried to escape from anyone, he had succeeded. When he had left his home in Boston, his father had raged and his grandmother had cried, but they could not talk him out of his intention.

The men of the Crow raiding party didn't bother with talk.

Before riding into camp they stopped and dressed in their regalia, and in parts of their victims' clothing; they painted their faces black. Then, leading the white man by the rawhide around his neck as though he were a horse, they rode down toward the teepee circle, shouting and singing, brandishing their weapons. He was unconscious when they got there; he fell and was dragged.

He lay dazed and battered near a teepee while the noisy, busy life of the camp swarmed around him and Indians came to stare. Thirst consumed him, and when it rained he lapped rain water from the ground like a dog. A scrawny, shrieking, eternally busy old woman with ragged graying hair threw a chunk of meat on the grass, and he fought the dogs for it.

When his head cleared, he was angry, although anger was an emotion he knew he could not afford.

It was better when I was a horse, he thought—when they led me by the rawhide around my neck. I won't be a dog, no matter what!

The hag gave him stinking, rancid grease and let him figure out what it was for. He applied it gingerly to his bruised and sun-seared body.

Now, he thought, I smell like the rest of them.

While he was healing, he considered coldly the advantages of being a horse. A man would be humiliated, and sooner or later he would strike back and that would be the end of him. But a horse had only to be docile. Very well, he would learn to do without pride.

He understood that he was the property of the screaming old woman, a fine gift from her son, one that she liked to show off. She did more yelling at him than at anyone else, probably to impress the neighbors so they would not forget what a great and generous man her son was. She was bossy and proud, and dreadful hag of skin and bones, and she was a devilish hard worker.

The white man, who now thought of himself as a horse, forgot sometimes to worry about his danger. He kept making mental notes of things to tell his own people in Boston about this hideous adventure. He would go back a hero, and he would say, "Grandmother, let me fetch your shawl. I've been accustomed to doing little errands for another lady about your age."

Two girls lived in the teepee with the old hag and her warrior son. One of them, the white man concluded, was his captor's wife and the other was his little sister. The daughter-in-law was smug and spoiled. Being beloved, she did not have to be useful. The younger girl had bright, wandering eyes. Often enough they wandered to the white man who was pretending to be a horse.

The two girls worked when the old woman put them at it, but they were always running off to do something they enjoyed more. There were games and noisy contests, and there was much laughter. But not for the white man. He was finding out what loneliness could be.

That was a rich summer on the plains, with plenty of buffalo for meat and clothing and

the making of teepees. The Crows were wealthy in horses, prosperous and contented. If their men had not been so avid for glory, the white man thought, there would have been a lot more of them. But they went out of their way to court death, and when one of them met it, the whole camp mourned extravagantly and cried to their God for vengeance.

The captive was a horse all summer, a docile bearer of burdens, careful and patient. He kept reminding himself that he had to be better-natured than other horses, because he could not lash out with hoofs or teeth. Helping the old woman load up the horses for travel, he yanked a pack and said, "Whoa, brother. It goes easier when you don't fight."

The horse gave him a big-eyed stare as if it understood his language—a comforting thought, because nobody else did. But even among the horses he felt unequal. They were able to look out for themselves if they escaped. He would simply starve. He was envious still, even among the horses.

Humbly he fetched and carried. Sometimes he even offered to help, but he had not the skill for the endless work of the women, and he was not trusted to hunt with the men, the providers.

When the camp moved, he carried a pack trudging with the women. Even the dogs worked then, pulling small burdens on travois of sticks.

The Indian who had captured him lived like a lord, as he had a right to do. He hunted with his peers, attended long ceremonial meetings with much chanting and dancing, and lounged in the shade with his smug bride. He had only two responsibilities: to kill buffalo and to gain glory. The white man was so far beneath him in status that the Indian did not even think of envy.

One day several things happened that made the captive think he might sometime become a man again. That was the day when he began to understand their language. For four months he had heard it, day and night, the joy and the mourning, the ritual chanting and sung prayers, the squabbles and the deliberations. None of it meant anything to him at all.

But on that important day in early fall the two young women set out for the river, and one of them called over her shoulder to the old woman. The white man was startled. She had said she was going to bathe. His understanding was so sudden that he felt as if his ears had come unstopped. Listening to the racket of the camp, he heard fragments of meaning instead of gabble.

On that same important day the old woman brought a pair of new moccasins out of the teepee and tossed them on the ground before him. He could not believe she would do anything for him because of kindness, but giving him moccasins was one way of looking after her property.

In thanking her, he dared greatly. He picked a little handful of fading fall flowers and took them to her as she squatted in front of her teepee, scraping a buffalo hide with a tool made from a piece of iron tied to a bone. Her hands were hideous—most of the fingers had the first joint missing. He bowed solemnly and offered the flowers.

She glared at him from beneath the short ragged tangle of her hair. She stared at the flowers, knocked them out of his hand and went running to the next teepee, squalling the story. He heard her and the other women screaming with laughter.

The white man squared his shoulders and walked boldly over to watch the three small boys shooting arrows at a target. He said in English, "Show me how to do that, will you?"

They frowned, but he held out his hand as if there could be no doubt. One of them gave him a bow and one arrow, and they snickered when he missed.

The people were easily amused, except when they were angry. They were amused, at him, playing with the little boys. A few days later he asked the hag, with gestures, for a bow that her son had just discarded, a man-size bow of horn. He scavenged for old arrows. The old woman cackled at his marksmanship and called her neighbors to enjoy the fun.

When he could understand, he could begin to talk a little, and then he was less lonely. Nobody had been able to see any reason for talking to him, since he would not understand anyway. He asked the old woman, "What is my name?" Until he knew it, he was incomplete. She shrugged to let him know he had none.

He told her in the Crow language, "My name is Horse." He repeated it, and she nodded. After that they called him Horse when they called him anything. Nobody cared except the white man himself.

They trusted him enough to let him stray out of camp, so that he might have got away and, by unimaginable good luck, might have reached a trading post or fort but winter was too close. He did not dare leave without a horse; he needed clothing and a better hunting weapon than he had, and more certain skill in using it. He did not dare steal, for then they would surely have pursued him, and just as certainly they could have caught him. Remembering the warmth of the home that was waiting in Boston, he settled down for the winter.

On a cold night he crept into the teepee after the others had gone to bed. Even a horse might try to find shelter from the wind. The old woman grumbled, but without conviction. She did not put him out.

They tolerated him, back in the shadows, so long as he did not get in the way.

He began to understand how the family that owned him differed from the others. Fate had been cruel to them. In a short, sharp argument among the old women, one of them derided Greasy Hand by sneering, "You have no relatives!" and Greasy Hand raved for minutes of the deeds of her father and uncles and brothers. And she had four sons, she reminded her detractor—who answered with scorn, "Where are they?"

Later the white man found her moaning and whimpering to herself, rocking back and forth on her haunches, staring at her mutilated hands. By that time he understood. A mourner often chopped off a finger joint. Old Greasy Hand had mourned often. For the first time he felt a twinge of pity, but he put it aside as another emotion, like anger, that he could not afford. He thought: What tales I will tell when I get home!

[He wrinkled his nose in disdain. The camp stank of animals and meat and rancid grease. He looked down at his naked, shivering legs and was startled, remembering that he was still only a horse.

He could not trust the old woman. She fed him only because a starved slave would die and not be worth boasting about. Just how fitful her temper was he saw on the day when she got tired of stumbling over one of the hundred dogs, that infested the camp. This was one of her own dogs, a large, strong one that pulled a baggage travois when the tribe moved camp.

Countless times he had seen her kick at the beast as it lay sleeping in front of the teepee, in her way. The dog always moved, with a yelp, but it always got in the way again. One day she gave the dog its usual kick and then stood scolding at it while the animal rolled its eyes sleepily. The old woman suddenly picked up her axe and cut the dog's head off with one blow. Looking well satisfied with herself, she beckoned her slave to remove the body.

It could have been me, he thought, if I were a dog. But I'm a horse.

His hope of life lay with the girl, Pretty Calf. He set about courting her, realizing how desperately poor he was both in property and honor. He owned no horse, no weapon but the old bow and the battered arrows. He had nothing to give away, and he needed gifts, because he did not dare seduce the girl.

One of the customs of courtship involved sending a gift of horses to a girl's older brother and bestowing much buffalo meat upon her mother. The white man could not wait for some far-off time when he might have either horses or meat to give away. And his courtship had to be secret. It was not for him to stroll past the groups of watchful girls, blowing a flute made of an eagle's wing bone, as the flirtatious young bucks did.

He could not ride past Pretty Calf's teepee, painted and bedizened; he had no horse, no finery.

Back home he remembered, I could marry just about any girl I'd want to. But he wasted little time thinking about that. A future was something to be earned.

The most he dared do was wink at Pretty Calf now and then or state his admiration while she giggled and hid her face. The least he dared do to win his bride was to elope with her, but he had to give her a horse to put the seal of tribal approval on that. And he had no horse until he killed a man to get one.

His opportunity came in early spring. He was casually accepted by that time. He did not belong, but he was amusing to the Crows, like a strange pet, or they would not have fed him through the winter.

His chance came when he was hunting small game with three young boys who were his guards as well as his scornful companions. Rabbits and birds were of no account in a camp well fed on buffalo meat, but they made good targets.

His party walked far that day. All of them at once saw the two horses in a sheltered coulee. The boys and the man crawled forward on their bellies, and then they saw an Indian who lay on the ground, moaning, a lone traveler. From the way the boys inched eagerly forward, Horse knew the man was fair prey—a member of some enemy tribe.

This is the way the captive white man acquired wealth and honor to win a bride and save his life: He shot an arrow into the sick man, a split second ahead of one of his small companions, and dashed forward to strike the still-groaning man with his bow, to count first coup. Then he seized the hobbled horses.

By the time he had the horses secure, and with them his hope for freedom, the boys had followed, counting coup with gestures and shrieks they had practiced since boyhood, and one of them had the scalp. The white man was grimly amused to see the boy double up with sudden nausea when he had the thing in his hand.

There was a hubbub in the camp when they rode in that evening, two of them on each

horse. The captive was noticed. Indians who had ignored him as a slave stared at the brave man who had struck first coup and had stolen horses.

The hubbub lasted all night, as fathers boasted loudly of their young son's exploits. The white man was called upon to settle an argument between two fierce boys as to which of them had struck second coup and which must be satisfied with third. After much talk that went over his head, he solemnly pointed at the nearest boy. He didn't know which boy it was and didn't care, but the boy did.

The white man had watched warriors in their triumph. He knew what to do. Modesty about achievements had no place among the Crow people. When a man did something big, he told about it.

The white man smeared his face with grease and charcoal. He walked inside the teepee circle, chanting and singing. He used his own language.

"You heathens, you savages," he shouted. "I'm going to get away!" The Crow people listened respectfully. In the Crow tongue he shouted, "Horse! I am Horse!" and they nodded.

He had a right to boast, and he had two horses. Before dawn, the white man and his bride were sheltered beyond a far hill, and he was telling her, "I love you, little lady. I love you."

She looked at him with her great dark eyes, and he thought she understood his English words—or as much as she needed to understand.

"You are my treasure," he said, "more precious than jewels, better than fine gold. I am going to call you Freedom."

When they returned to camp two days later, he was bold but worried. His ace, he suspected, might not be high enough in the game he was playing without being sure of the rules. But it served.

Old Greasy Hand raged—but not at him. She complained loudly that her daughter had let herself go too cheap. But the marriage was good as any Crow marriage. He had paid a horse.

He learned the language faster after that, from Pretty Calf, whom he sometimes called Freedom. He learned that his attentive, adoring bride was fourteen years old.

One thing he had guessed was the difference that being Pretty Calf's husband would make in his relationship to her mother and brother. He had hoped only to make his position a little safer, but he had not expected to be treated with dignity. Greasy Hand no longer spoke to him at all. When the white man spoke to her, his bride murmured in dismay, explaining at great length that he must never do that. There could be no conversation between a man and his mother-in-law. He could not even mention a word that was part of her name.

Having improved his status so magnificently, he felt no need for hurry in getting away. Now that he had a woman, he had as good a chance to be rich as any man. Pretty Calf waited on him; she seldom ran off to play games with other young girls but took pride in learning from her mother the many women's skills of tanning hides and making clothing and preparing food.

He was not more a Horse but a kind of man, a half-Indian, still poor and unskilled but laden with honors, clinging to the buckskin fringes of Crow society.

Escape could wait until he could manage it in comfort, with fit clothing and a good horse,

with hunting weapons. Escape could wait until the camp moved near some trading post. He did not plan how he would get home. He dreamed of being there all at once, and of telling stories nobody would believe. There was no hurry.

Pretty Calf delighted in educating him. He began to understand tribal arrangements, customs and why things were as they were. They were that way because they had always been so. His young wife giggled when she told him, in his ignorance, things she had always known. But she did not laugh when her brother's wife was taken by another warrior. She explained that solemnly with words and signs.

Yellow Robe belonged to a society called the Big Dogs. The wife stealer, Cut Neck, belonged to the Foxes. They were fellow tribesmen; they hunted together and fought side by side, but men of one society could take away wives from the other society if they wished, subject to certain limitations.

When Cut Neck rode up to the teepee, laughing and singing and called to Yellow Robe's wife, "Come out! Come out!" She did as ordered, looking smug as usual, meek and entirely willing. Thereafter she rode beside him in ceremonial processions and carried his coup stick, while his other wife pretended not to care.

"But why?" the white man demanded of his wife, his Freedom. "Why did our brother let his woman go? He sits and smokes and does not speak."

Pretty Calf was shocked at the suggestion. Her brother could not even reclaim his woman, she explained. He could not let her come back if she wanted to—and she probably would want to when Cut Neck got tired of her. Yellow Robe could not even admit that his heart was sick. That was the way things were. Deviation meant dishonor.

The woman could have hidden from Cut Neck she said. She could even have refused to go with him if she had been ba-wurokee—a really virtuous woman. But she had been his woman before, for a little while on a berrying expedition, and he had a right to claim her.

There was no sense in it, the white man insisted. He glared at his young wife. "If you go, I will bring you back!" he promised.

She laughed and buried her head against his shoulder. "I will not have to go," she said. "Horse is my first man. There is no hole in my moccasin."

He stroked her hair and said, "Ba-wurokee."

With great daring, she murmured, "Hayha," and when he did not answer, because he did not know what he meant, she drew away hurt.

"A woman calls her man that if she thinks he will not leave her. Am I wrong?"

The white man held her closer and lied, "Pretty Calf is not wrong. Horse will not leave her. Horse will not take another woman, either." No, he certainly would not. Parting from this one was going to be harder than getting her had been. "Hayha," he murmured. "Freedom."

His conscience irked him, but not very much. Pretty Calf could get another man easily enough when he was gone, and a better provider. His hunting skill was improving, but he was still awkward.

There was no hurry about leaving. He was used to most of the Crow ways and could stand the rest. He was becoming prosperous. He owned five horses. His place in the life of

the tribe was secure, such as it was. Three or four young women, including the one who had belonged to Yellow Robe, made advances to him. Pretty Calf took pride in the fact that her man was so attractive.

By the time he had what he needed for a secret journey, the grass grew yellow on the plains and the long cold was close. He was enslaved by the girl he called Freedom and, before the winter ended, by the knowledge that she was carrying his child.

The Big Dog society held a long ceremony in the spring. The white man strolled with his woman along the creek bank, thinking: When I get home I will tell them about the chants and the drumming. Sometime. Sometime.

Pretty Calf would not go to bed when they went back to the teepee.

"Wait and find out about my brother," she urged. "Something may happen."

So far as Horse could figure out, the Big Dogs were having some kind of election. He pampered his wife by staying up with her by the fire. Even the old woman, who was a great one for getting sleep when she was not working, prowled around restlessly.

The white man was yawning by the time the noise of the ceremony died down. When Yellow Robe strode in, garish and heathen in his paint and feathers and furs, the women cried out. There was conversation, too fast for Horse to follow, and the old woman wailed once, but her son silenced her with a gruff command.

When the white man went to sleep, he thought his wife was weeping beside him.

The next morning she explained.

"He wears the bearskin belt. Now he can never retreat in battle. He will always be in danger. He will die."

Maybe he wouldn't, the white man tried to convince her. Pretty Calf recalled that some few men had been honored by the bearskin belt, vowed to the highest daring, and had not died. If they lived through the summer, then they were free of it.

"My brother wants to die," she mourned. "His heart is bitter."

Yellow Robe lived through half a dozen clashes with small parties of raiders from hostile tribes. His honors were many. He captured horses in an enemy camp, led two successful raids, counted first coup and snatched a gun from the hand of an enemy tribesman. He wore wolf tails on his moccasins and ermine skins on his shirt, and he fringed his leggings with scalps in token of his glory.

When his mother ventured to suggest, as she did many times, "My son should take a new wife, I need another woman to help me," he ignored her. He spent much time in prayer alone in the hills or in conference with a medicine man. He fasted and made vows and kept them. And before he could be free of the heavy honor of the bearskin belt, he went on his last raid.

The warriors were returning from the north just as the white man and two other hunters approached from the south, with buffalo and elk meat dripping from the bloody hides tied on their restive ponies. One of the hunters grunted, and they stopped to watch a rider on the hill north of the teepee circle.

The rider dismounted, held up a blanket and dropped it. He repeated the gesture.

The hunters murmured dismay. "Two men! Two men dead!" They rode fast into the camp, where there was already wailing.

A messenger came down from the war party on the hill. The rest of the party delayed to paint their faces for mourning and for victory. One of the two dead men was Yellow Robe. They had put his body in a cave and walled it in with rocks. The other man died later, and his body was in a tree.

There was blood on the ground before the teepee to which Yellow Robe would return no more. His mother, with her hair chopped short, sat in the doorway, rocking back and forth on her haunches, wailing her heartbreak. She cradled one mutilated hand in the other. She had cut off another finger joint.

Pretty Calf had cut off chunks of her long hair and was crying as she gashed her arms with a knife. The white man tried to take the knife away, but she protested so piteously that he let her do as she wished. He was sickened with the lot of them.

Savages! he thought. Now I will go back! I'll go hunting alone, and I'll keep going.

But he did not go just yet, because he was the only hunter in the lodge of the two grieving women, one of them old and the other pregnant with his child.

In the morning, they made him a pauper again. Everything that meant comfort, wealth and safety they had sacrificed to the spirits because of the death of Yellow Robe. The teepee, made of seventeen fine buffalo hides, the furs that should have kept them warm, the white deerskin dress, trimmed with elk teeth that Pretty Calf loved so well, even their tools and Yellow Robe's weapons—everything but his sacred medicine objects—they left there on the prairie, and the whole camp moved away. Two of his best horses were killed as a sacrifice and the women gave away the rest.

They had not shelter, they would have no teepee of their own for two months at least of mourning, and then the women would have to tan hides to make it. Meanwhile they could live in temporary huts made of willows, covered with skins given to them in pity by their friends. They could have lived with relatives, but Yellow Robe's women had no relatives.

The white man had not realized until then how terrible a thing it was for a Crow to have no kinfolk. No wonder old Greasy Hand had only stumps for fingers. She had mourned from one year to the next, for everyone she had ever loved. She had no one left but her daughter, Pretty Calf.

Horse was furious at their foolishness. It had been bad enough for him, a captive, to be naked as a horse and poor as a slave, but that was because his captors had stripped him. These women had voluntarily given up everything they needed.

He was too angry at them to sleep in the willow hut. He lay under a sheltering tree. And on the third night of the mourning he made his plans. He had a knife and a bow. He would go after meat, taking two horses. And he would not come back. There were, he realized, many things he was not going to tell when he got back home.

In the willow hut, Pretty Calf cried out. He heard rustling there, and the old woman's querulous voice.

Some twenty hours later his son was born, two months early, in the teepee of skilled medicine woman. The child was born without breath, and the mother died before the sun went down.

The white man was too shocked to think whether he should mourn, or how he should

mourn. The old woman screamed until she was voiceless. Piteously she approached him, bent and trembling, blind with grief. She held out her knife and he took it.

She spread out her hands and shook her head. If she cut off any more finger joints, she could no more work. She could not afford any more lasting signs of grief.

The white man said, "All right! All right!" between his teeth. He hacked his arms with the knife and stood watching the blood run down. It was little enough to do for Pretty Calf, for little Freedom.

Now there is nothing to keep me, he realized. When I get home, I must not let them see the scars.

He looked at Greasy Hand, hideous in her grief-burdened age, and thought: I am really free now! When a wife dies, her husband has no more duty toward her family. Pretty Calf had told him so, long ago, when he wondered why a certain man moved out of the one teepee and into another.

The old woman, of course, would be a scavenger. There was one other with the tribe, an ancient crone who had no relatives, toward whom no one felt any responsibility. She slept in shelters that she built with her own knotted hands. She plodded wearily at the end of the procession when the camp moved. When she stumbled, nobody cared. When she died, nobody would miss her.

Tomorrow morning, the white man decided, I will go. His mother-in-law's sunken mouth quivered. She said one word, questioningly. She said, "Ero-oshay?" She said, "Son?"

Blinking, he remembered. When a wife died, her husband was free. But her mother who had ignored him with dignity, might if she wished ask him to stay. She invited him by calling him Son, and he accepted by answering Mother.

Greasy Hand stood before him, bowed with the years, withered with unceasing labor, loveless and childless, scarred with grief. But with all her burdens, she still loved life enough to beg it from him, the only person she had any right to ask. She was stripping herself of all she had left, her pride.

He looked eastward across the prairie. Two thousand miles away from home. The old woman could not live forever. He could afford to wait, for he was young. He could afford to be magnanimous, for he knew he was a man. He gave her the answer. "Eagya," he said. "Mother."

He went home three years later. He explained no more than to say, "I lived with the Crows for a while. It was some time before I could leave. They called me Horse."

He did not find it necessary either to apologize or to boast, because he was the equal of any man on earth.

APPENDIX 4

SATURDAY NIGHT IN STANDING ROCK

(Transcript)

Introduction

This particular tape begins a series of stories which are popularly known as scare stories, or spook stories, or ghost stories. Everyone loves to be frightened, and among the Native Americans, of course, there are numbers of stories told which are real chillers. The particular story, which comes from the Standing Rock Sioux people of the Dakotas, belongs to a very popular classification of story which is often told by non-Indian peoples as well; it is a story which is sometimes called "The Girl in the Lavender Dress." "The Girl in the Lavender Dress" has a wide variety of plots and sub-plots; very roughly, however, "The Girl in the Lavender Dress" stories deal with an appearance of a woman who is discovered later to be dead, and this is an Indian variation, then, on one of the most popular stories in all of folklore.

SATURDAY NIGHT IN STANDING ROCK

It was late one Saturday afternoon when a young man in his early twenties, a young Sioux, was driving along a little-traveled country road, and it was just turning dusk. He saw, along the side of the road, a young lady who was walking, and as the car drew abreast of her he stopped and invited her to ride with him.

She got in the car, sat close up against the far side of the car, did not seem very anxious to talk, seemed to be dressed in a style of clothing of an earlier period. And the young man tried to make conversation with her, but he didn't have much success. They continued to drive—they came into this small town here.

He asked the young lady if she were hungry, and she said, "Yes, indeed; it's been a long time since I've eaten." So they went into a restaurant here and had a bite to eat.

The young lady seemed to be coming out of her attitude of distance, and he talked further with her, asked her if perhaps she would like to go to a movie. She said, "No."

He said, "Would you like to go to a dance?"

And her eyes lighted up and she looked very much interested in this, and she said, "Oh, yeah—that would be—would be fun. It's been a long time since I've danced!"

So they went to the dance hall here in town, and the young lady enjoyed herself tremendously. She was a superb dancer, and she danced all night.

After the dance was over the young man offered to take the girl home, and they drove back out along this remote country road. And they came to a very narrow, rutted road that ran off up toward the crest of the hill.

And the young lady said, "Why don't you let me out right here? The road is rough up

there and I live in that house up there, and I'll be able to walk on up."

The young man offered to take her up or to walk up with her, but she said, "No, that won't be necessary at all."

As she got out of the car, the young man was aware of the fact that it was quite cool that evening, and he said, "Here, take my jacket—why don't you wear my jacket and I'll pick it up again another time, but you'll be cold walking up there."

So the young lady consented to take the jacket. She put it on and he saw her walk off up toward the crest of the hill.

As he drove back toward home, he found himself thinking about some of the seemingly strange things that the young lady had said, and about some of her behavior which seemed odd—about her old-fashioned clothes and about her getting out and walking up the hill in the middle of the night.

But he arrived home, slept that night, and the next day resolved that he would go back to see the girl on the pretext, of course, of getting his jacket which he had lent to her.

So he drove back out and drove up this narrow, rutted, steep roadway, until he came to a lone house set back a little way from the road.

He got out of the car and went up and knocked on the door, and the door was answered by an old, old woman.

He said to the old woman, "Listen, I've come to pick up my jacket that I lent to the girl who lives here. I—I'd like to see her if I may."

The old woman looked surprised and said, "Why, there is no girl who lives here."

The young man said, "Well, then, perhaps she lives in another house around somewhere. Are, are there any other houses close by?"

And the old woman said, "No, this is the only one!"

The man insisted; he said, "I know that I let her off down at the bottom of the roadway there, and that she came up here, and that she was wearing my jacket."

The old woman thought for a moment and said, "Can you describe this young lady?"

And the man proceeded to do that—he described her as to what she was wearing and what she looked like.

The old woman said, "Come with me—I want to show you something."

So she led the young man around the corner of the house and there, in back of the house, was a single grave. There was a wooden cross at the head of the grave, and hanging on the wooden cross was the young man's jacket.

APPENDIX 5

THE HUGE HAND FROM THE OCEAN

(Transcript)

This story comes from the Eskimo people of Alaska. And there are many scare stories, of course, which these people tell.

A long time ago there was a village of Eskimo people situated quite close to the ocean. And they took their living from the sea—by fishing, by hunting for seals, by hunting for walrus—and although the ocean was filled with bounty for them, it was also filled with terror.

In this small village there was a meeting house, sort of a community hall, where important transactions of the group took place, where the ceremonial meetings were held. And since it was a very important place, young children were cautioned never to play in the community hall, in the meeting house, and to always be quiet and to be respectful when they were in there.

One afternoon a group of children ten or twelve years old were in the meeting house, and as children will everywhere, one event led to another and pretty soon they were playing tag and they were yelling and they were creating a commotion in this meeting house. One young boy sat quietly by himself in a corner. His mother was a widow, and life for both of them was quite difficult. He did not have clothes like the other children had; he had to work all the time, and as a result he was not really accepted by the other children.

And as they created a commotion here in the meeting house, this young boy sat alone by himself. Suddenly there was a great shouting and screams of terror from the outside of the house. And as the children stopped their play and looked up, they saw, coming in the doorway, a great hand. This hand had reached up from the ocean, had felt its way in and around the buildings, and had come into the doorway of the meeting house.

And on the end of each one of the fingers of this hand was a huge mouth, and the fingers felt their way along about the meeting house, catching and devouring the children who had desecrated a holy place. And when all of the children had been eaten except the one boy, the great hand withdrew, snaked its way back down, and had disappeared under the ocean.

The boy who was saved ran in terror to his mother and told her of what had occurred. The mother and the boy came to the headmen of the village and they held a discussion as to what might be done.

The wise men of the village had heard of this huge hand, and knew that once it had found a village it would come back again and come back again, until everyone in the village had been killed and eaten.

So they asked the young boy if perhaps he would help them in trying to destroy this horrible hand, and he agreed to do that. So the men of the village made a great knife, which they fastened up over the top of the doorway to the meeting house. And they fastened it so that it could be released with a slip-knot. And then they went to the children who remained in the village, and instructed them to come into the meeting house and to laugh and play and create a commotion in order that the huge hand from the ocean would be lured back again.

And the young boy was stationed by the slip-knot which controlled the great knife. So the children all went into the meeting house and they shouted and ran around and played tag and screamed. And then, up from the ocean came this great hand with the horrible gaping mouths on the end of each one of the fingers, felt its way up through the streets, and past the buildings, and then appeared through the doorway of the meeting house.

The hand came in and was seeking out the children and ready to devour them, when the boy pulled the slip-knot—and the great knife descended and cut the hand off.

Immediately there were sounds of horrible pain, and anguish. The stump of the arm was pulled back down through the streets and disappeared under the ocean. The hand lay on the floor and writhed, and then started to melt away. And soon there was nothing on the floor but a puddle of sea water to show where the great hand had been.

The huge hand never reappeared; the young boy was looked upon as a hero and as a leader of his people. And he and his mother were accepted into the social structure of the little village because the young man had acted so bravely in destroying the huge hand from the ocean.

APPENDIX 6

WATER BABY STORIES

(Transcript)

Among the Ute, Paiute, Shoshone, and the Bannock peoples of the Great Plateau and the Great Basin areas of the United States, many stories are told about the Water Baby. The Water Baby is, as one might expect, to be found in and around water, in stream beds, in ponds, lakes, these kinds of places. It is upright in form; that is, it walks on two feet; it is described as being somewhat the size of a two or three-year-old child. It is humanoid in form except that its skin color is sometimes described as being quite dark. It has hair on its head as a human child would.

Sometimes this hair is described as being a very dark green in color, perhaps from the fact that it is in and around the water much of the time.

The Water Baby is a vicious predator which kills and eats other animals, particularly the young of other animals. It will attack and destroy a man; it will attack and destroy a horse.

The Water Baby lives in dens, the entrance to which are under water, so that there is an entrance-way under water, and then the den of the Water Baby will be established above the water-line back up in the bank. It is incredibly quick and agile and cannot be killed except by—well, it cannot be killed; it must die by natural means.

A Ute boy relates the story of how his uncle had gone on a hunting trip, and had taken along a horse to ride and a pack horse; had made camp one night in a little valley close to a stream bed, and in the middle of the night was awakened by his pack horse, who was creating noise and neighing as if in great terror.

The man grabbed his rifle and went to see what the horse—what was the trouble with the horse. He saw that a Water Baby had attacked the horse and was clinging to it. From a distance of just a few feet he pumped a couple of rounds from his rifle into the creature, but with no visible effect at all. The creature continued to attack the horse. The man ran down his saddle horse, leaped on it, and left—leaving his saddle and his camp gear there, and resolved never to go back again.

This Water Baby is looked upon as being particularly dangerous and threatening to small children. A story is told that the Water Baby is half-human in form, and that a child conceived out of wedlock, near the water, will in all probability be born a Water Baby.

A Paiute story goes into more detail. This story says that there was a woman living in Nevada, in a-a-an encampment of the Paiute people. The village, the encampment, was made of brush wickiups, and this encampment was located in a pleasant little valley close to the—to a stream. The grass grew quite high around the stream bed.

This woman had a child of her own, a nursing infant, at home, and in the evening she was out walking down close to the stream. And she heard an—what she thought was a child crying. And she searched about in the long grass, until she came upon the form of what she took to be a young child.

She picked the child up, and mothered it and comforted it as best she could, held it close to her. But the creature continued to—to whimper, and the woman did not know how to comfort it.

Then, as any Indian mother would, thinking it to be hungry, she held it to her breast so that it might nurse and thus be fed and—and be quieted.

This little monster, the Water Baby, immediately sank its talons into the back of her shoulder as it had its arms around her, and started to devour her breast. The woman tried frantically to throw the horrible thing away from her. Finally she succeeded in dislodging it, and in ridding herself of it, and ran screaming back to the encampment.

Here she died a few days later as a result of shock and pain and loss of blood. From these kinds of stories come the command, very commonly known among Indian people of this part of the world, never to allow children to play, particularly in the dusk as—as night is falling, in and around water courses. Because the Water Baby will destroy the child, take its place, and in this way destroy, perhaps, the mother or the parent or another relative of the child who comes searching for it.

It is a true monster in the sense that it cannot be killed, that it is so incredibly quick and so incredibly strong, and that it can be destroyed in no way known to man. And for these reasons the Water Baby—Pa-a-a-puch, as the Ute people call him, Bah-zee-zee as he is known to the Shoshones, is looked upon as one of the most vicious and one of the most totally feared and hated of all the figures out of the scare stories of the Indian people.

APPENDIX 7

THE DEER WOMAN

(Transcript)

Deer Women stories are told with great delight and with great relish by the Omaha and the Ponca peoples. The Omaha and the Ponca are very closely related in custom and language. And the Deer Woman, or Dak't-the-wah-oo as she is known, is the figure which haunts the dreams of many of the young Omaha and young Ponca people.

The Deer Woman is described in different ways; sometimes she is described as an old woman, who is a maker of bad medicine, one who can-can-uh do harm to others who offend her. But most often Dak't-the-wah-oo is portrayed as being a young woman—a very lovely young woman, who appears in the dance circle late at night and who uh-uh-h-is—who appears to be one of the dancers in a round dance or in a '49 or in any one of the variety of dances in which Indian people engage.

Now Dak't-the-wah-oo is a very charming young lady, and she has uh-uh—charms of face and figure which attract the men who are in the dance circle with her. And upon occasion Dak't-the-wah-oo—the Deer Woman—lures these men out—out of the dance circle—out into the —uh—woods or into the brush which surrounds the dance grounds, and here she destroys them.

Sometimes the bodies of the men are mutilated; sometimes a man is fortunate enough to escape the—the savagery, the bestiality of the Deer Woman, but more often than not, the man disappears and is never heard from again.

Now the Deer Woman can be identified in the dance circle by the fact that she will have the feet of a deer. She may appear to be perfectly normal, charming, laughing, bright-eyed young lady, but if you should find yourself in a '49 among the Ponca or among the Omaha people, and some charming young lady makes eyes at you—look first to her feet, because if, out from under the bottom of this long dress—if there appears there the feet of a deer instead of the feet of a woman, it would probably be very wise of you if you turned and ran as fast as ever you can run.

A tale which I heard just within the last few days bears upon Dak't-the-wah-oo. This took place in the Omaha Reservation just this last fall.

Some children were playing down in the woods, and they saw-uh-what appeared to be a buckskin dress. And it had old-uh—it was lying under a—sort of under a log—under a limb that had fallen. And there were old beads scattered around the dress.

And so they carried this information to their mother; the mother told the men-folks in the family about it, and they went down to investigate.

They discovered that-uh—within the dress was a skeleton—and they removed the bones—and sent them off for observation and identification, thinking that perhaps in this way they might be able to determine who the—who the woman was who—who had died in this way.

The bones, according to the story, were sent to the Pathology Lab at the University of Nebraska. The report, which came back within a few weeks, was to the effect that the bones were not those of a human being, but were those of a deer. And from this the Omahas feel

that one of the Deer Women has died; but that there will always be others who come along to take her place.

APPENDIX 8

STUKWINIYUH, THE HORNED WATER MONSTER

(Transcript)

This is a tale told by the Creek Indians—the Creeks originally lived in the southeastern section of the United States and were removed in the Trail of Tears period in the 1830's to Indian Territory which is now the state of Oklahoma.

And consequently most Creek Indians today still live in Oklahoma and have a wide variety of stories. The Stukwiniyuh, according to the Creeks, came into being in this way--

There were two young boys who were out playing, hunting one day, and they came upon a little stream and there was a fish in this stream. And the fish spoke to them and said, "Young men, I am a fish of great power and of great strength, and you and your people should not disturb me."

But one of the boys was very hungry, and he didn't know that he believed in talking fish anyway, and so he caught the fish and proceeded to cook it and eat part of it, the second boy refusing to touch it.

Immediately after taking a few bites of the fish, the boy felt his skin start to change and it became scaly like a fish—he started to grow horns. He spoke to his friend saying, "I have done a great wrong; I must go into the water because that will be my home."

And so this boy, in the process of changing into a water monster, found his way into the stream bed and from this the Stukwiniyuh water monster was created.

Now the Stukwiniyuh is a fearful creature, who has horns on his head—very often represented with feathers trailing from these horns. And the Stukwiniyuh has the ability to change itself into any shape that it wishes.

A story is told of two young children, a boy and a girl, who were out in the woods one day, and they came along here, up to a sort of—a-a-swampy area with a pool of water in it. And they heard the sound of a calf bleating as if it were caught and held fast, as if it were caught in a fence somewhere.

And the two children looked around and as they looked over to the brush bordering this—this pond, they saw what they thought to be the—the head of a calf, as if it were caught there in the brush.

So the two children ran over to it, the little girl in the lead. She was approaching very close to it when the boy noticed that the eyes of the—of the calf were red. Now you know, perhaps, that red eyes in animals indicate that this is not really an animal but is a-a-a-devil or a witch in the body of the animal.

So the young boy seized his sister and drew her back as quickly as he could. But she had come close enough to the Stukwiniyuh so that its breath was breathed upon her and she was poisoned. They took her to—the—the medicine man for treatment; he did everything that he could do in order to take this—this spell off the girl, but it was—it was too late, and the girl died.

Now the Stukwiniyuh is that creature which causes people to drown. It hypnotizes

people, draws them under the water, where it feasts upon the tips of their noses. No one, according to the Creeks, drowns by accident. But it is really the work of this great horned water monster, Stukwiniyuh, who hypnotizes people, brings them into the water, causes them to drown, so that Stukwiniyuh might eat the tips of the noses of his victims.

A UTE SKINWALKER STORY (Transcript)

Now I am sure that most of the students who hear these tapes know more about skinwalkers than I do. The skinwalker is a common occurrence with the Navajo people, and perhaps the Utes who live to the north have borrowed the concept of the skinwalker from the Navajo. But in any event, this is a story that was related by a Ute boy from southern Colorado.

He was about fourteen years old at the time, he said, and another older boy, a cousin, was staying in the house, along with several of the younger children, while the parents of the two families were gone.

Before the parents left, they urged the children to be very careful at night, not to go outside, to draw the curtains so that nothing could look in; and so these two boys were left in charge of the family.

At dusk they sensed that something was wrong. And so they pulled aside the curtain to look out and see if there was anything out of the ordinary.

They saw, at a distance of about a hundred and fifty yards, a circle of wolves—sitting in a circle, and the Ute boys knew that this was not natural for wolves; and that therefore, these had to be skinwalkers.

The older boy took his rifle, thrust the barrel out through the window which he opened a crack, pulled down on one of the skinwalkers, and touched off the trigger.

Both of the boys say that they saw the animal roll when it was hit, that it got up and dragged itself away, apparently hurt quite badly, the other skinwalkers disappearing into the night.

The two boys kept watch all night to see that nothing else happened, and the remainder of the night was spent quietly. In the morning they went out to see what they might find. They went over to the place where they had seen the circle of skinwalkers, and there they saw blood—apparently the animal had been hit quite, quite badly.

And so they tracked it for perhaps as much as half a mile from the blood that was being left.

They finally tracked it into a little thicket of brush and they looked about—threw rocks, threw sticks, those kinds of things into the brush, trying to determine whether or not the animal was still there, but they heard nothing.

The footprints, the wolf prints, and the blood went directly into the thicket—they went around on the other side and there were human footprints coming out.

APPENDIX 10

HOW THE OWL CAME FOR GRANDMOTHER

(Transcript)

This Choctaw story deals with a very common theme, that of human beings who are medicine men or medicine women having the power to witch other people, to change themselves into the form of an animal, so that they might touch the person who is being witched and in that way bring death to them.

A young Choctaw girl lived in Oklahoma, and she and her family lived in the—in a—in an area slightly removed from a small Oklahoma town. These people were very well educated; they were Christian people who went regularly to a Christian church. And the grandmother, who lived with the family and who was a great favorite of the girl who told the story, started to feel that something was wrong.

An owl kept appearing close to the house, and the grandmother felt that this owl was trying to harm her. So the family took a .22 rifle to the medicine man and had medicine made on a bullet for the gun, so that the gun would be effective in killing the owl when the owl came back.

After the medicine was made for the bullet, the owl stopped coming around the house, and the family knew that this witch knew what ha—what had been done and was—and was aware that the witch, or the witch in the form of the owl, could be killed.

Several months passed and the owl did not reappear, and the family started to forget about the incident. One Sunday an uncle came to visit from some distance away who had not heard anything about this story. And on Sunday afternoon he decided to go out rabbit hunting.

So, without saying anything to anyone, he picked up this .22 and went out hunting and fired the bullet upon which the medicine had been made. He brought the gun back, and that Sunday evening the other members of the family, except for the girl and the grandmother, went to church.

It was quite warm that evening, and the girl and her grandmother had gone outside, had taken their chairs outside onto the front porch so that it might be a bit cooler and they could sit out there and talk.

So they sat out there and they talked while the rest of the family was away, and finally it began to get quite cool and they decided to come back inside.

The girl tells how she went through the door, a screen door, first—bringing her chair back into the house, with the grandmother directly behind her. The girl had brought her chair into the house and was in the middle of the room when she heard a strange sound behind her.

And she turned to look, and here she saw her grandmother trying to get in through the doorway, and a great owl clinging to the screen with its malignant red witch eyes glaring at the inside of the house, and uttering choking, strange choking sounds as if the animal were in pain.

The grandmother rushed in, the wing of the owl just barely brushing her shoulder. When the grandmother came in, she slammed the door behind her, and the owl clung there for several minutes looking into the inside of the house, and finally left, fluttering away weakly.

The grandmother, who had been in excellent health up until this time, became strangely ill. She was taken to the Indian hospital where she was uh-uh—treated, and they attempted to diagnose her, but without any luck.

She was taken to the medicine man, who said that yes, indeed, she had been witched. He tried to purify her, but he, too, was unsuccessful. The grandmother died, because she had been touched by the wing of the owl, and this owl was a witch-woman in the form of an owl who hated the grandmother and who took this way of killing her.

APPENDIX II

HOW DEER GOT HIS HORNS

(Transcript)

This Cheyenne story tells of how the deer got his horns.

There was, a long time ago, a young Cheyenne man and woman, who were married and who were living together very happily. They went out together for a summer hunt, and established a teepee in a meadow here. The man was a very successful hunter, and he would bring back game which the woman would process, and she would dry the meat and tan the hides.

The man had a dog, an excellent hunting dog, and the three of them were having a very fine hunt. Early one morning the man and the dog left to go on a hunt, leaving the woman behind to tend to her chores.

She had a pot of meat simmering over the fire outside the teepee, and she had a pile of kindling, of small sticks, which were thrown up very close to the teepee itself. A little breeze sprang up and blew some sparks from the fire over into the pile of kindling and the kindling caught fire and started to burn.

The woman was very fearful that the teepee itself would catch on fire, so she tried to put out the blaze in the pile of kindling, and in so doing burned her hand quite badly. She put the burned place to her mouth, so that she might ease the pain of the burn.

And immediately a great strong, evil force entered into her, and as she held the burned place to her mouth, she was seized with this great desire to taste of her own flesh, and so she started to eat herself.

The madness grew and she ate the flesh off her own body until nothing but the skeleton remained. Then, deep in this madness which had come upon her, she took small rocks and placed them in her bones, and performed this mad, deranged dance around the fire with the rocks in her bones keeping the rhythm of the dance.

At this point the dog returned to camp, sensing that something was wrong. And the woman, who was just holding onto the last shreds of her sanity, told the dog what had happened, and she said, "I have a great desire to eat the flesh of my husband! Go warn him, because I am coming after him!"

The dog ran off as quickly as he could and told the husband what had happened. Just at this time they heard the strange sound of the rocks rattling in the bones, and they knew that the woman was on their trail.

So they ran as far and as fast as they could; they would stop for a few moments to catch their breath until they heard this strange, sad sound of the skeleton in pursuit.

They came to a little bird sitting up in the tree, and the man spoke to the bird, saying, "My wife has gone mad and is pursuing us and will eat us. Can you help?"

The bird said, "I can't help you, but I can help the dog. I can turn the dog into a knot on the side of the tree here, and when the woman comes past she will pay no attention to him."

So the dog was changed into a knot on the side of the tree and the man ran on alone, the skeleton coming closer and closer and closer to him, screaming out to him, "Wait! Wait for me! I need you! I want you!"

He came finally to a cliff from which he could not escape. It was a very narrow gorge, with a stream of water running down between these two sharp rock cliffs, but it was too wide for him to jump. The woman was coming closer and closer behind, and he felt that he was indeed going to be killed and devoured by the awful skeleton of his wife.

At that point a deer came to him. The deer then had long, straight horns, without the characteristic branching antlers that we know today.

The man spoke to the deer and told him what had happened.

He said, "I must get across or this mad woman will kill me and eat me. Can you help?"

The deer said, "I can lay my head down so that my horns will reach across to the other side, and you can walk across them as upon a bridge. That is all I can do."

So the deer laid his head down so that the long, straight horns would make a bridge across the narrow gorge. And the man proceeded to go across the gorge on the horns of the deer and was safe on the other side.

The mad woman, coming up just as the man got across, screamed and shouted at the deer.

"This is none of your business! If you helped him, you must help me or I will put a spell on you and on all of your kind!"

The deer, threatened in this way by the mad woman, agreed. So once again he put his long, straight horns down so that she could cross and continue to chase her husband. But when she was going across, the horns did not make a very steady bridge.

"Hold your horns still!" she screamed. "Hold your horns still or I will fall!"

And with that the woman started to leap up and down on the deer's horns, splitting and cracking them so that they became the antlers as we know them today. And as the horns split and splintered, the woman fell into the stream below, where her skeleton sank under the water and from which place she never escaped.

The man gained his freedom because of the deer, and this is why the Cheyennes must use every part of the deer when they kill one—the meat, the hide, the horns—all parts of the deer, to show their respect and gratitude for the time when the deer helped the husband to escape from his mad wife.

APPENDIX 12

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APPENDIX A *

LAGUNA GENESIS

(From an unpublished manuscript
HOMER WITH A RAWHIDE DRUM, by
C. Fayne Porter. June, 1976)

Every people devise an explanation of how they came to be, a statement or set of statements which serve to illuminate the profound mystery of man's presence upon the earth. These myths (or sacred truths, depending upon which version one's personal religion encompasses) reveal much of the world view held by those who cling to them.

The creation myths of the world have no other account more noble, none more natural, than the account, related in many versions, of the Pueblo Indians. In it man was conceived in Shipapu, a dark lake under the earth, the actual and literal womb of life. Here fetal man matured, nourished within the womb of the Earth Mother, through a gestation period. Then he found his way through the narrow passage from Shipapu, through the uterus of the earth, emerged upon the surface, and first drank the outer air independent of his Earth Mother.

So man came to live upon the earth, and so each conception and birth since has reenacted, within the body of its human mother, the ritual of the First Man. Thus the earth is the giver of life not only because it provides him with food and sustenance in his present form, but also because the dim blood memory speaks of a time when he was cradled within her womb, when he was born out of the sacred flesh of Mother Earth.

After man appeared upon Haatze, the Earth, he was caught up in the struggle between good and evil, between darkness and light. Once he turned away from good to follow a false god, but the false god was found out and was forced to flee in order to save his life. After a long suffering, the people were able to renew their faith in Krashadi, god of good, and he in them. Today the earth, the water, the people, and Krashadi live in the circle of harmony.

In the beginning was Shipapu.

Far to the north it lay, in the place where the mountain lion whelps her young.

Beneath the earth it lay, a great dark lake—cold, black, bottomless, formless, void.

And there was a stirring in the lake and a breath was breathed upon it,

And man was formed where there had been no form,

And man, exhausted from the ordeal of birth out of the void, rested upon the shores of Shipapu.

Time was.

Unmeasured by the sun which had not yet been hung in the sky.

Time was.

In the blackness of Shipapu, man hungered upward.

Not toward the light, for there was no light,

But with the breath that formed him had come the blind and groping urge to rise.

So he climbed—slowly, hesitantly, painfully.

Up through the earth he won his way, through the dark uterus of time,

* May be used with accompanying tape.

Until he reached the Out-Coming-Place-of-the-World upon Haatze, the Earth, the Fourth Womb of Existence.

Set as guards at the Out-Coming-Place were the Elder Brother Masewe and the Younger Brother Oyuyeh, charged with the selection of those who sought the outer air.

Thus man came to the moment of his emergence,

And Masewe and Oyuyeh chose the farmers and the fletchers, the hunters and the song-makers, the wise and the patient, the beautiful and the kind.

They chose the fleet-of-foot and the daring, the valiant and the generous, the enduring and the comely, the people of summer and the people of winter.

As the brothers labored to choose with wisdom,

There appeared at the Out-Coming-Place a woman, gnarled and bent and wrinkled.

Clutched in one old hand she bore a basket, covered, black.

"Let me pass, O let me pass, young sons," she said

"Old and wise am I, and rich in lore for those who would dwell upon Haatze."

"But what can you do, wise old one?" they asked.

"What can I do? Ah, young sons, I can do so much for man, so much!"

"And Grandmother, what do you bear in your basket?"

The old woman was quiet then, and when she spoke her voice was soft and slow and empty.

"I bear what man must have. It will curse him to the grave and beyond, but I bear what man must have."

With one thought they seized the basket, tearing off the cover,

And there, cowering and whimpering, crouched a pair of creatures, evil and misshapen.

"Ishkuyu! Monster!" they shouted at the crone. "Get back into the lower world where you belong.

Man leaves the powers of darkness behind him now—take your baleful brood and go!"

And as they watched the body of the old hag sank away,

And in its place, black and soft and evil,

Lay the form of Ishkuyu, the monster.

And cradling her basket of young tenderly, she slithered back into the Out-Coming-Place-of-the World,

And sank away beneath the earth, taking all black arts and fiendish powers with her.

Then the drums spoke and man danced with joy, that he had put behind him sorcery and wizardly and magic.

With Ishkuyu overcome the sun and moon began their stately and appointed rounds,

And all the stars were pinned against the sky,

And man looked up and saw the light,

And found it good.

But in that place far to the north, in that place where the mountain lion whelps her young,

The days were short and there was suffering from the cold.

So it was that the people came southward toward the sun, and the way was long and hard.

But when the trail was bitter, and when the white face of hunger taunted them,

Then the clown Koshare raised their spirits with his crude and earthy antics,

And their hearts were made to sing, and their moccasins were light upon the trail.
In this way man found the Rio Arriba, and when he came upon this land
He knew that his wanderings were done.
Out of the earth the people of the valley made their homes,
Out of the brown earth and the water.
And there was brought forth corn, the sacred sister, fruit of the Earth Mother's flesh,
So that man could live in comfort and plenty upon Haatze.
And the holy places of worship, made round like a navel, were sunk into the Earth Mother.
Where her heartbeat kept the rhythm of the dances, and the prayers, and of every common act
of life itself.
The invocations rising from the kivas were strong and good, and the people prospered.
The homes out of the brown earth grew manyfold, and the gifts of the gods were rich.
There was always the kind earth, and corn, and water—and cotton and beans and squash.
There were quick hands to weave the cloth, and delicate fingers to shape the pottery;
There were strong hands to draw the bowstring, and gentle hands to nurse the young.
There were lusty warriors in the heat of manhood, and firm-breasted maidens who looked at
them out of the corners of their eyes,
And flesh cried out to flesh in the quiet night, and the seeds of life were planted deep and
sure in the yearning caverns of love.
There were old ones who sat in the sunshine, quiet as smoke,
Until the path was unbarred that led back to Shipapu.
Then they were laid in the earth, and the powerful songs were sung,
and they were blessed by the living,
And the pattern of birth and life and death was inexorable and without end.
But the people dwelt not overlong in Eden.
For Ishkuyu the monster, gorging herself upon her own brood,
Grew stronger and yet more evil,
And with her witch's art made for herself a secret way by which she won to Haatze.
As she looked upon the people, busy and content, she sought a way to cast upon them fear
and guilt and pain.
With magic incantations did she urinate upon the blossoms of a yucca plant,
And it was made pregnant with awful fruit,
And out of the yucca blossoms was born the man-form Pashayani, prince of evil,
Conceived in vileness and brought forth in hatred of all that sang of peace and harmony upon
earth.
Stepping softly with his spirit feet, Pashayani went at night among the people.
He lurked in the doorways and overheard the common words of the household;
Like a shadow he stood at the sides of the elders, and he drank in the old wisdom with which
they spoke;
He crouched on the kiva-tops and learned the ancient songs, the powerful songs, the life-shaping
songs.
As the monstrous creature grew in power within the pueblo, the days became hot and dry.

No longer did the heavy clouds bank black upon the mountaintops, nor did the rain come at the invocations of the dancers.

The corn was sere, and the squash plants withered in the fields.

Then did Pashayani come boldly into the pueblo and build a separate kiva.

Loud he spoke from the housetops, crying that he was a medicine man of great power,

And that the rain would fall at his command.

His gourd rattle made the sound of rain upon the kiva roof, and the people saw the drops of water fall from the thing of magic as he shook it,

And they believed,

And they cried out,

"This man Pashayani brings rain;

He is stronger than our god-learder Krashadi;

Let us set him up in Krashadi's place!"

Now Krashadi, who had led his people with compassion and wisdom,

Felt the deep and bitter lance-thrust of rejection.

He put his back to his chosen ones and returned weeping to Shipapu, crying aloud for the fall of man.

Then there was malevolence in the land.

The sun sucked up moisture from the earth and the river died,

No grass grew there and no birds sang,

And man's hand was turned against his brother.

Then the people looked about them—

At the dry bed where the river once was,

At the cornstalks thrusting like dead hands out of the Earth Mother,

At the graves of the children—

And they knew Pashayani to be evil, and they lamented that they had followed a false god.

The wise old ones planned to take him by force and drive an arrow through his heart,

But Pashayani learned of the plan and, his black work done, used his magic to escape.

Wondrous was that magic, for out of his own flesh he gave birth to a great eagle;

Bearing the father upon his back the eagle flew far away to the south, and in this way the prince of evil left the Rio Arriba.

Still the land lay barren and the hunger grew.

Strong prayers were chanted to Krashadi, but Krashadi heard them not.

In the kivas the wise men talked and waited for his return,

And there was great despair and the eating of human flesh, and starving parents sustained themselves upon the flesh of their young.

The prayers grew weak, the muffled drums grew softer and yet more soft, the people perished like grasshoppers in the time of the Frost Moon.

Then Hummingbird fluttered weakly into the small hole leading to Shipapu,

And made his way back to the lake from which man sprang.
 There was no longer cold and blackness in that place, but warmth and light and beauty.
 As Hummingbird feasted upon the nectar from the flowers, he saw Krashadi prone upon the ground.
 He tried to speak, to tell Krashadi of his starving children,
 But the god, enraged, hurled sticks and stones and wild words at the bird.
 "Go away! Away! And do not return to feed upon my flowers!"
 When night came, Hummingbird took his usual roosting place within the kiva.
 There he perched, sleepy and content, hearing the old songs raised in supplication to the angry god.
 The small bird dozed, the nectar from the flowers of Krashadi making a great gas upon his stomach,
 And as the song was ended and the silence hung within the room,
 Hummingbird broke wind sharply.
 The old men, startled, looked with wonder about them, and then their eyes fell upon the sleepy bird.
 "Ah, small fellow," they said, "one does not break wind unless his stomach is full. You have eaten, have you not?"
 "Yes," replied the small bird.
 "And where did you find food in this forsaken land?"
 "I flew down the passageway and back to Shipapu."
 "Ah. And can you go again and bear a message to Krashadi?"
 "Yes, with ease. But he is very angry and will not listen. What can I say to him?"
 "Tell him that we are sorry for what we did.
 We know that we were wrong, and only he can lead us in the paths of good.
 Say we die without him, and beg him to return."
 So Hummingbird went again to Shipapu, taking the message to Krashadi.
 Boldly he flew up to the god and spoke,
 "Great evil has come to those you left upon Haatze, and they cry out for your return."
 "They chose the path that they would follow. They have but themselves to blame."
 "You speak truth. But they know now that they were wrong.
 They rose up against the evil Pashayani; they would have killed him had he not escaped.
 Now they die of hunger and despair, and soon there will be only death if you do not show mercy to them."
 "Ah. So now they know. Return, small bird, and bear my words. Say that I would have them suffer in this way no more.
 Bid them prepare four cigarettes for me, of corn husks, honey, tobacco, and dried flowers.
 Their fragrance pleases me.
 And bid them not cry out when I return, or I will dwell no longer among men."
 When Hummingbird brought back the news, there was great rejoicing in the pueblo,
 And all the people prepared to welcome back their god.

Now they had none of the things for which Krashadi had asked,
But as the war chiefs made their slow and painful way among the hills,
One found here tobacco, where none had grown before;
Another came upon dried corn husks, hidden in a crevice;
A third saw a bee and followed it to its nest, from which he took the honey;
A fourth discovered a small patch of wild flowers, and carefully gathered the blossoms to dry.
The people knew that Krashadi had placed these things where they could be found,
And that once more he had turned his face toward them.
There were smiles among them as they repaired their ragged clothing and purified themselves,
and awaited their god.

Late in the afternoon of the fourth day clouds appeared in the north, from the direction of
their long-ago home,
And the blessed rains came.
All who were yet alive gathered in the kiva, waiting.
After a long time they heard Krashadi's firm steps upon the roof, and then a foot appeared
upon the ladder.
"Am I welcome?" he asked.
"Yes, Krashadi," the people answered.
And a second step, and then the question, "Am I welcome?"
"Yes, Krashadi."
A third step, and the query "Am I welcome?"
"Yes, Krashadi. Come to us—we have been waiting for you."
A fourth step, and he stood in full view. "Am I welcome?" he asked for a fourth time.
"Yes, Krashadi," came the answering chorus from the people.

But there is evil everywhere.
One of the war chiefs, jealous of the power of good and loving conflict,
Had secretly gone to a lonely woman and had bid her cry out when Krashadi came.
When the god stood wholly within the kiva, the poor woman uttered a mournful cry.
There came a great blackness into the room,
And when the light returned there was emptiness where the god had stood.

Today the god-leader is never seen in the flesh, because the woman cried out at his return,
But his spirit hovers over and protects the pueblo.
Today there is no crying at the ceremonies and at the healing rituals;
Another cry would drive away the spirit of Krashadi, principal power of good.
Today there is still the kind earth, and corn, and water,
And homes growing out of the brown earth.
And each kiva has its entrance-way to Shipapu, and Hummingbird summons Krashadi when
there is need.
And the young are born into a world dictated by the rhythms of nature,
And the old ones sit in the sunshine, quiet as smoke,

Until the path is unbarred that leads back to Shipapu.

Then they are laid in the earth, and the powerful songs are sung, and they are blessed by the living,

And the pattern of birth and life and death is inexorable and without end.

APPENDIX B

SAYNDAY STEALS THE SUN (KIOWA) SAYNDAY AND THE WHIRLWIND WOMAN (Transcript)

Introduction

This tape will deal with a series of stories which are related about the trickster figure of representative groups of American Indians.

The first will be a pair of stories about Saynday, the trickster figure of the Kiowa; the Trickster Rabbit, of the Indians of the Eastern United States; Winuhburzhoo, the trickster figure of the Chippewa peoples; a couple of stories about Iktomi of the Sioux; and finally two Coyote stories from the Nez Perce and from the Yakima Indians of the Northwest.

Appendix B will relate the stories of Saynday

Now, Saynday was represented as being human in form, a very fat, a very lazy Indian from the Kiowas tribe.

His wife was equally fat but was not at all lazy, and she picked on Saynday something terrible, because she felt that Saynday could not hunt buffalo effectively, and Saynday allowed his children to run around in rag-tag clothing.

But Saynday was a figure who was responsible for doing many great things among the Kiowas. As with other typical trickster figures, sometimes Saynday did things that were good, and sometimes Saynday did things that made him look like an utter fool.

Saynday stories always begin in the same way, and always end with a typical tag line; that is, is European folklore we are used to hearing stories start out, "Once upon a time, many years ago," and then the story is told. And the story concludes with "...and they lived happily ever after."

Among the Kiowas, Saynday stories invariably begin, "Saynday was coming along," and invariably end, "and that's the way it was, and that's the way it is to this good day."

And so, our first story deal with hos Saynday Steals the Sun.

SAYNDAY STEALS THE SUN

In the long ago time, before any other people lived on the world, Saynday was alive and well, and lived among the animal people.

This was in a period so long ago that it was in a time before there was any sun in the sky. And the animals had great difficulty in living in the dark. They felt their way around, and could not see each other, had difficulty in finding enough food.

And then, one day, they heard a rumor of an animal people who lived to the east, and who had a great and wonderful round ball of fire and that this round ball of fire gave off light, and heat, and that the animal people to the east lived far more happily than did the animals with whom our story deals.

So, Saynday got some of his friends together, and they conspired as to how they might be able to steal this round ball of fire.

And the animals whom Saynday chose were the deer, the bear, the raven, and the coyote.

Now the deer, in those days, had beautiful horns which were always in velvet; that is, they never had the hard bone-like condition that we know now. And the bear, in that time, had no light patch on the back of his neck and his shoulders. And the raven, then, was pure white and had a beautiful singing voice. And the coyote had a rich and beautiful tan coat.

So, Saynday got his friends together and he said, "Look, let's go off to the east and see what we might be able to do about stealing this beautiful ball of fire."

So, he and his friends traveled towards the east, and they came closer and closer to the place where they could see this light in the eastern sky.

Finally, they came up to the crest of a hill, looked over it, and there they saw the beautiful, round ball of fire. And the animal people there were playing with this ball of fire. They had two long lines of contestants lined up, and a person was rolling the ball of fire down between the two lines of people. And as the ball of fire went past, the contestants would throw their lances at it in an effort to see who might score the most hits on the ball of fire.

So, Saynday and his friends had a little discussion and Saynday said, "Look, you people do this. . ." and he whispered in their ear, and he said, "I'll go on down in the village and see what I might be able to do."

So, Saynday went on down. He came up to the chief of the animal people and he tapped him on the shoulder and he said, "Hey! I see that your people here are having a game."

And the chief said, "Yes, yes indeed. We play like this quite often."

Saynday says, "Do you know why this team over on the right hand side here is winning?"

And the animal chief said, "No, no, I have no idea."

And Saynday said, "Well, I'll tell you why. Whoever that dude is that you have rolling that ball of fire down between those two lines of people, rolls it closer to the right hand group than to the left hand. What's the matter? Does he have some cousins or some brothers on that team?"

And the chief of the animal people scratched his head, and looked at the contestants and say, "Huh, what do you know—three cousins and two brothers on that team."

So, Saynday says, "Look, you see, it doesn't make any difference to me. I don't care who wins. I don't know any of you people, but I do hate to see someone cheat. Since I have no stake in this game, why don't you let me roll the ball of fire?"

And the animal chief says, "Fine, that's great, that sounds good enough."

So Saynday started to roll the ball of fire down between these lines of contestants, and they played, and they played, and they played at that game until everyone was very, very tired. Then the animal people, the contestants, all lay down and went to sleep.

Saynday proceeds to talk further with the animal chief and he says, "Look fellow, that's a pretty valuable thing that you have there. Now don't you stand guard over it or anything like that?"

And the animal chief said, "No, no, no. Nobody would want that, I'm sure."

Saynday said, "Well look, I'd feel a little bit better about it if I tied my rope around it."

Now Saynday always had a buckskin rope which he carried at his waist.

He says, "You know, you just can't trust—you just can't trust people anymore. Why don't I tie my rope around it, and then I'll tie the other end to my wrist. And if anyone tries to steal it while I'm asleep, then I'll be able to give you warning."

And the animal chief said, "Okay. If that's what you really want to do."

So Saynday tied his line around the sun, tied the other end of the line around his wrist and lay down and pretended to go to sleep.

Pretty soon, everyone else in the village was asleep except Saynday, who got up and looked around him, and then he took that line and he twirled it around, and around, and around his head and threw it off just as far as he could throw it into the west.

There the deer was waiting for it, for the ball of fire. And the deer caught this great ball of fire in his antlers, and started to run just as fast as ever he could.

In the meantime the animal people, suddenly seeing it get dark, awakened and started to pursue the disappearing ball of fire.

The deer ran and ran and ran until finally he was tired. And then, he passed the ball of fire on to the bear.

Now the bear had, of course, no horns with which to carry it, so he carried it right on the back of his neck and his shoulders. And he ran, and he ran, and he ran, and he ran as fast as he could run, and as far as he could run. Finally, when he was completely exhausted, he handed the ball of fire over to the raven.

The raven, of course, took the line in his beak and flew with it into the west. Finally, when he was exhausted, he handed it over to the coyote.

Now, the coyote of course, had no way to carry it, so he took the line in his mouth and ran across the countryside, with the ball of fire bouncing along behind him.

Eventually, coyote got back to the animal people, the Kiowas, with the ball of fire. And later on, here comes the deer, whose horns had once been in velvet but which now had been baked hard by the heat of the sun, and that is why the deer's horns go through this change today.

The bear, who now has a light patch, a burned patch on the back of his neck and his shoulders, showing where he had carried the sun.

The raven, once pure white, had been turned coal black by the heat of the sun, and his beautiful voice had been made harsh by the effects of the heat on his throat.

And coyote's rich and beautiful tan coat had been turned into this scruffy, grayish, singed-looking coat which he now wears.

But when the animals returned with the sun, the animal people of the Kiowas were overjoyed. Oh, it was delightful to see friends whom they had never seen before, to be able to see around them, to be able to recognize their own children, and they had great games and dances and a long celebration.

Eventually, however, some of them came to the conclusion that it was more difficult to sleep than it had been previously; that it was always hot and bright, and the birds who had nested in the small bushes, now saw that the bushes had grown to twenty or thirty feet in height. And the nests of small birds were being threatened because some mother birds were fearful lest they fall out from that horrible height and injure themselves.

And so the animal people held another council, wondering what they might do to get rid of the sun. They talked about throwing it in the water. They threw it in the water; it boiled and bubbled, and the water became hot, and the earth became hot.

I don't know if you are aware of the fact that the Kiowas originally came into the Western Oklahoma country from much farther to the north and west. And this is why, they say, in their original homeland the thermal activity in and around Yellowstone Park, creates these great boiling mudpots and geysers and so on, from the time when the earth was heated up, when the animal people tried to drown the sun in the lake.

They tried to hack it up into little pieces. They threw their spears at this ball of fire and they shot their arrows at it. And the little pieces of the sun that flew off, up into the sky and became the stars. But they could not get rid of it.

Finally, Saynday had an idea. He says, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll tie my rope around it again, and I'll twirl it around my head and I'll throw it up into the air."

So, he tied his rope around it, and twirled it around his head, and around, and around, and around, and then he threw it just as far as he could throw it. And the sun went up and went into orbit. All of the little pieces of dust and bits of light that flaked off the sun as it was going through the air, created the Milky Way. And the sun was put into orbit by Saynday, so that now we have half day and half night.

And that's the way it was, and that's the way it is, to this good day.

SAYNDAY AND THE WHIRLWIND WOMAN

Our second Saynday story, deals with his adventures with the Whirlwind Woman.

Saynday was coming along and he was walking out across that broad, hot dusty Western lahoma countryside. And Saynday, you know, was an individual who had great and beautiful fantasies. Saynday was always hungry, and he was always thinking about the beautiful food that the world could afford which he had never had an opportunity to eat. And Saynday, of course, fancied himself as quite a hand with the young ladies. He had a very quick eye for a trim pair of ankles. And so much like men everywhere, sometimes his fantasies concerned all the charming young ladies in the world with whom he would like to make love, but had never had the opportunity.

And as Saynday went along, it was hot and he was perspiring and he saw far off in the distance one lone shade tree. And he thought to himself, "Ah, Saynday. For a man who is as smart as you are, it's not right that you should have to work this hard. When you get to that shade tree then you will sit down, you will rest, and you will relax, and you will daydream, and you will enjoy yourself."

So, a half hour later Saynday made it to the shade tree out here in this desperately desolate countryside. And it was very cool there.

So, he sat down with his back to the shade tree, started to think about all the lovely, little Kiowa girls that he eyed as they went past.

He sort of dozed off, and would open up his eyes from time to time and look around him, and then dozed off again. And as he opened his eyes he saw far off in the distance a whirlwind. And this whirlwind seemed to be moving toward him, moving erratically back and forth as a whirlwind does, moving here, there, everywhere. And he thought nothing of it, so he closed his eyes again.

When he opened them a second time, he saw that the whirlwind had drawn considerably closer. But he thought nothing of that--and so closed his eyes.

When he opened his eyes again, he saw that the whirlwind had drawn quite close to him. And there appeared to be a shimmering sort of a center, an inner core to this whirlwind. And as he watched, the whirlwind came up very close to the tree **under** which he sat. And the whirling motion ceased. And the bright core took on a shape and a **form**. And he saw that in the center of this whirlwind was a beautiful woman, more beautiful than **any** he had ever imagined. And the woman spoke with him. She said, "I am the Whirlwind Woman, and I live in the center of the whirlwind and I come and I go as I please. But sometimes I live a very lonely life, and I like to have people to talk with. And I saw you over here under the tree, and I just thought I'd come over and chat a little."

So Saynday got up, with his eyes sort of bugging out a little bit at the sight of this lovely, lovely lady. And he sort of just brushed himself off and he said, "Hey!" He says, "I haven't seen you around these parts, huh?"

And she said, "Well, no. As I told you, I'm the Whirlwind Woman. I come and I go whenever I want." And she looked archly at him over her shoulder.

And Saynday walked out to the edge of the shade of the tree and he said, "Look, look. I am Saynday. I am the most important figure among the Kiowas. I am a great maker of magic, and I can do whatever I want to. Why don't you come over under this tree and we'll get a little bit better acquainted."

And the young lady said, "Oh no, no, no, no. That's not what I intended at all. I just came to talk. I wanted to see what was new, what was different."

By this time Saynday was getting quite excited. And so he strode closer to the figure of the lady and he says, "Look, I am Saynday, I am married, I have a wife whom I will leave for you. I will give you beautiful jewels, beautiful furs, I will make you a very, very important woman if you come over here under the tree and we talk this thing over a little bit."

And the young lady says, "No, no, no, no. Now back off, back off Saynday. I don't care who you are."

And Saynday said, "Look. I am going to touch you; I am going to lay my hand upon you and once you have been touched by Saynday, you will know that I can do something for you that no other man in the world can do."

And she said, "Don't you lay your hands on me, Saynday, or you will live to regret it."

But by this time Saynday was quite beside himself with the desire for this charming young lady. And his tongue was hanging out, and he was perspiring even more freely than before.

And so, he stepped into the circle and he laid his hand upon the shoulder of the young lady.

Immediately, the whirlwind reformed with far greater strength than before. Saynday was picked up in the air, he was whirled around in a circle, he was turned upside down and all but inside out. The air was sucked out of his lungs, he was beaten, he was battered and finally, he was deposited back at the trunk of the tree where he had been originally.

Poor Saynday. His clothing had been all but torn off. He was gasping for breath. He was indeed a mess. And he lay there for a few minutes, trying to recover from his ordeal, gasping and panting, trying to get air back into his lungs.

Finally, he had strength enough to open his eyes for just a moment. And he saw that the whirlwind had slowed back down again. And there stood the figure of the young lady. And she pointed an accusing finger at him and she said, "Let that be a lesson to you, Saynday. I told you that I was the Whirlwind Woman. I told you that I did not want you to lay your hand upon me. If you ever do that again, I will come back as a tornado and I will personally destroy you and your people."

And with that, the whirlwind reformed. And the whirlwind with the woman in the center, went skipping off away from Saynday, moving in its erratic course.

And that is the reason that the whirlwind moves in that fashion which we know. Moving here, there, everywhere, unable to predict where it is going next, because it is directed by the heart of a woman. And the women, God bless them for their greatness, despite all the things they do very well sometimes have difficulty in deciding upon the course that they want to follow and in following it.

And that's the way it was, and that's the way it is to this good day.

APPENDIX C

TRICKSTER RABBIT AND THE STONE CLIFF TRICKSTER RABBIT AND THE LION (SEMINOLE) (Transcript)

Introduction

Appendix C deals with a pair of typical stories told about Trickster Rabbit.

Now what Coyote is to the Indians of the Western part of the United States, Trickster Rabbit is to the Indians particularly in the Southeastern section of the United States. And Trickster Rabbit gets himself into the same kinds of situations there as Coyote does here in the West.

I would like to point out one thing of interest. Trickster Rabbit stories of course, are very, very, old among the American Indians. But Trickster Rabbit is a figure in literature who is alive and well today.

I believe that Trickster Rabbit was the literary father to the whole group of Brer Rabbit stories, which some of you will be familiar with. I'm sure you have heard stories of Brer Rabbit and the Tar Baby. And since these stories were first printed in the Southeastern section of the United States, many people feel that they were essentially stories which came from the blacks in that area. Not entirely so, because Trickster Rabbit and the Pitchman is a story which is identical to that of Brer Rabbit and the Tar Baby, except that stories of the Pitchman are told widely among Indians and have been told for centuries, even before the coming of the whites, I feel sure, so that Trickster Rabbit is the literary father of Brer Rabbit.

I would go one step further. I think that Trickster Rabbit is the literary grandfather of Bugs Bunny because as you watch the antics that Bugs Bunny gets himself into, I'm sure you will be reminded time and time and time again, of the same kinds of things happening to Trickster Rabbit in those typical American Indian stories from the Eastern section of the United States.

As you listen to this story of Trickster Rabbit and the Cliff, see if it does not remind you very much of what Bugs Bunny might well do.

This particular story which tells about Trickster Rabbit and the Cliff, comes from the Seminole Indians of Florida. And just as Indians of the West call Coyote by many different names from tribe to tribe, so the Seminoles had a name for Trickster Rabbit. They called him Chukfulahjah, and this story tells about Chukfulahjah and his adventures with the little red fox.

TRICKSTER RABBIT AND THE STONE CLIFF

Now Chukfulahjah and the little red fox had had many adventures before, and invariably the rabbit got the best of the fox. The rabbit trapped little red fox by the nose and that is why his nose is so long. The rabbit set the tail of little red fox on fire and this is how the little fox became red. And this was the incident that made the little red fox extremely mad and angry, I suppose I should say. And he was so angry that he was chasing Chukfulahjah, and he was bound and determined that he was going to catch that rabbit and eat him.

And so, they ran and they ran and they ran and they ran all the time, with the little red fox getting closer and closer and closer to Chukfulahjah.

Finally, the rabbit was convinced that he had just about come to the end of his rope, that unless he thought of something, he was going to be forced to become a fine meal for the little red fox.

As the rabbit was a few steps in the lead, they came up over a little rise here and down into a draw which had a great stone cliff protecting one side of the draw. And the little red fox came tearing around the corner of this great stone cliff just as fast as he could, and there he saw Chukfulahjah leaning nonchalantly up against the cliff, holding his forefeet, his front paws up against the cliff and pushing against it as hard as he could. And the little red fox said, "Uh huh. I have got you now, you crazy mixed-up rabbit. I'm going to have you for my lunch."

And Chukfulahjah said, "No, no, no, no little red fox. No, no, no. Don't do that or you will die. Just as I was coming around the corner here," says the rabbit, "this great cliff started to fall over. And see, I am pushing against this cliff and I am holding it up. Please help me! Or the cliff will fall down and we both will be crushed!"

And so little red fox said, "Gee whiz. Maybe I better help the rabbit."

And so the little red fox put his front paws against the cliff and he started to push too. And the two of them stood there for a long, long, long time, pushing and pushing and pushing against the cliff.

Finally, Chukfulahjah turns to the little red fox and he says, "Look. You know I've been holding this cliff up longer than you have. Remember that I was here first, and if it had not been for me, the whole thing would have fallen down on both of us."

He said, "It is hot out here and I am tired. Now, why don't you hold the cliff up while I go off down the ravine here. There's a nice spring down there, and I'll get a drink of cool water and I'll take a short break, and then I'll come back and hold up the cliff while you go."

And the little red fox said, "Well, that sounds fair enough to me."

And so, Chukfulahjah stopped pushing on the cliff, trotted down the ravine to the spring and there he had a drink and he rested a bit in the shade. And then he just kept trotting on down the ravine, leaving the little red fox to hold up the cliff.

Little red fox stood there for a long, long, long time again, pushing and pushing and pushing. Finally, he was so tired that he knew he could not push any longer. And he said, "Well, I don't care if the cliff does fall down. I cannot push against this thing any more."

And so, he started to lessen the pressure with which he was pushing. And he sort of eased his front paws back off and back off, until finally, he was just touching it with his fingernails.

And then he removed his front paws, and of course, the cliff did not fall down at all because Chukfulahjah indeed had not been holding up the cliff, and little red fox had not been helping him to hold up the cliff, because the cliff had not been falling down.

And so little red fox said to himself, "Well, little red fox, you have been had again. That crazy rabbit has escaped from you, and one of these days I am going to get you, Chukfulahjah!"

TRICKSTER RABBIT AND THE LION

The second Chukfulahjah story deals with Trickster Rabbit and the lion.

I don't know if you realize that at one time there were lions in Florida. And it was because of Trickster Rabbit that the lions were isolated in Africa, or at least that's the way the story goes.

According to this Seminole story, when the lions lived in Florida they were, of course, a great danger and all of the other animals got together and looked to Chukfulahjah as their leader. And they said to him, "You must figure out some way to get rid of the lion because the lion will eat us all up."

And Chukfulahjah thought about that, and he thought about that, and he thought to himself, "Well, as smart as I am, I should be able to get rid of that lion."

And so, one day as the lion was walking down this path through the palmetto lined vegetation of Florida, the rabbit leaped out into the trail ahead of him. And he said, "Hey there, lion. How are things going with you today?"

And the lion said, "Well, you're a pretty impertinent rabbit it seems to me, to be speaking to me in those terms."

And Chukfulahjah said, "Look, you underrate me. I am a pretty sharp rabbit. You pride yourself on being big, and bold, and able to do wonderful things. But I can do anything you can do."

And the lion says, "Ah, now what's the matter with you, you know better than that."

And the rabbit said, "No, I'm serious. What is the act which you do that takes the greatest bravery?"

And the lion scratched his ear with one paw and said, "Well, I suppose that killing and eating a man is probably the most dangerous thing I do."

And Chukfulahjah says, "Oh, that's no great shakes. I can kill and eat a man."

And the lion laughed and he laughed and he laughed and he said, "You know better than that."

Chukfulahjah said, "No, no, I'm serious about it. Of course I can eat a man."

And the lion said, "Well, how are we going to prove this?"

And Chukfulahjah said, "Well, you go kill and eat a man and I'll go kill and eat a man. Then we'll meet back here and we'll talk about it."

And the lion said, "All right. Fair enough."

And so he went off and it didn't take him any great length of time to leap upon some unsuspecting Seminole and devour him.

In the meantime, Chukfulahjah climbed up onto a rather large boulder which sat right by the trail. And pretty soon along came a Seminole warrior. And Chukfulahjah leaped down upon his shoulder and attacked him, and bit him, and scratched him, and tried to kill him. And the warrior said, "What's the matter with you, you crazy, dumb rabbit? Have you completely gone out of your mind?"

And he tossed the rabbit out into the underbrush there. And Chukfulahjah thought that over a little bit, and he said, "Hmm, hmm. Maybe this is tougher than I thought. Maybe I

better start with a child."

And so, this time he sort of hopped up on an overhanging limb that went out over the trail. And pretty soon along comes a little girl. And the rabbit jumps out on her and tries to attack her. And the little girl just laughed at him and said, "You, golly, you crazy rabbit, you crazy rabbit what are you doing trying to attack people like that? Don't you know that's not what a rabbit's supposed to do?"

And so she tosses him aside, too, and goes on laughing. And Chukfulahjah has about come to the conclusion that maybe he can't kill and eat a man after all. And if indeed he is going to fool the lion, he is going to have to trick him.

So, he goes back to meet the lion and Chukfulahjah said, "Did you kill and eat a man?"

And the lion said, "Well, of course I did. Did you?"

And the rabbit says, "Well, of course I did. I told you I was going to, didn't I?"

And the lion says, "Frankly, rabbit, I don't believe you. How are we going to prove it?"

And the rabbit scratched his ear with his hind paw and said, "Well, the only way I know to prove it is this. Let us each defecate on a palmetto leaf, and we will examine the feces, and we will see if indeed, there are bits of bone and hair and so on in this fecal matter."

And the lion says, "Well, that sounds fair enough to me."

So, they each get a palmetto leaf and went about their business of attending to this perfectly normal call of nature.

Now the lion, of course, shuts his eyes when he is in this particular act. And so, here the lion is squatting down over his palmetto leaf grunting and groaning. And Trickster Rabbit, Chukfulahjah, attends to his business in short order, and then takes his palmetto leaf with the little pellet-like droppings of the rabbit on it, goes over, and while the lion has his eyes closed, substitutes that palmetto leaf for the one of the lion.

Finally, when the lion opens his eyes, he sees that Trickster Rabbit is just concluding his call of nature. The lion turns around to look, to see what he has done and you can imagine his horror at seeing those little, round pellet-like droppings which he thinks are his. And then when he examines the feces of the rabbit, he is startled to discover that indeed there are pieces of flesh, and bone, and human hair in them.

Now the lion is greatly impressed by this. He says, "Chukfulahjah, you were indeed right when you said that I had underrated you. You are far bolder and far braver than I had thought at all possible. And just perhaps you are as great a hunter as I am. Come, let us be friends together. Let us go over here by the creek and we'll build a campfire and we'll talk. And we have a lot to say to each other."

So Chukfulahjah said, "Great, fine. That sounds about right to me."

So they went over and they picked out a good campsite. And the lion said, "Look, you know, I can't tell you how greatly impressed I am by what you have done. Let me gather the firewood while you sit here and relax."

And so Trickster Rabbit sat under the tree with his back up against the tree, his hands behind his head, one leg crossed over the other, watching the great, bold, brave lion gather firewood.

Finally, Trickster Rabbit said, "Look, across this little stream, my friend, there is much

good firewood. I know there's a lot of dry wood over there, and it is a particular kind of wood that will not give off smoke. Why don't you go over there and gather firewood, and then we'll have a nice fire and we'll have a long talk."

So the lion says, "Yes, indeed. I'd be glad to do that for you, I certainly would."

And the lion made his way across this small stream and was busily engaged in gathering firewood over there, when Chukfulahjah goes out to the edge of the stream and calls all the alligators. And the alligators all come to his call, and he says, "Look! Quick! Go line yourselves right up here in this narrow part of the stream, and build a great dam. Place your bodies across the stream as if they were logs, and we will dam this stream up very, very quickly!"

And so, the alligators all went and placed themselves in this position, dammed up the stream. The great pool of water started to form very quickly, and soon spread to such a great extent that the lion could not get back across the stream. As a matter of fact, that body of water, that little creek that had been dammed up, has since become the Atlantic Ocean.

And that is why the lion is over in Africa, and the rabbit is in Florida. Or at least, that's the way the story goes.

APPENDIX D

AN ACCOUNT OF THE ADVENTURES OF WINUHBUZHOO (CHIPPEWA)

(Transcript)

Appendix D will be an account of an adventure of Winuhbuhzhoo, which is the name given to the Chippewa trickster figure.

Winuhbuhzhoo is known by a variety of names: Nanabush, Manabozho, Manabush, a number of other names which are approximately the same, but which vary from sub-tribe to sub-tribe or from major tribe to major tribe.

Winuhbuhzhoo has a number of adventures of all kinds. And this one which I am going to relate to you this morning deals with "Winuhbuhzhoo and the Reeds" and also "The Adventures of Winuhbuhzhoo and the Berries."

Winuhbuhzhoo fancies himself as being a great dancer, particularly a contest dancer. In his part of the world the contest to dance was very popular. And one variety of the contest to dance was the dance down, in which this dance would begin and it would become a marathon event. And the contestants would dance, and dance, and dance until the last one on his feet, the last one still dancing, would be judged the winner.

And so, Winuhbuhzhoo put on his dance outfit and then suddenly remembered that he didn't know any dance that was being held. So he talked with all the animals, saying to them, "Have you heard of a dance going on any place?"

And they all said, "No, no."

And finally, a little yellow bird came past. And Winuhbuhzhoo asked of him whether or not he knew of a dance.

And the little bird thought for a moment, and he said, "Well, I don't know. I heard a rumor that those strange people down in the valley there were holding a dance. But it's just that. It's just a rumor. I don't really know about that."

So Winuhbuhzhoo, having nothing else to do, thought that he would walk on down there and see, if indeed, a dance were being held.

So he walked off down the hill toward the valley. And as he got down toward the flat land of the flatter countryside, he discovered that the mist was setting in and he could not see as clearly as he had been able to upon the hill. And the vegetation, brush and the trees and so on, were changing.

But he fancied that he could hear far off in the distance, a steady thrumming, throbbing sort of sound. And he said, "Ah hah. There is the drum and that must be for the dance. And so, I will follow my ears."

So he continued to walk in this strange, misty region, the fog getting thicker and thicker, and Winuhbuhzhoo walking and walking. Until finally, he felt that he was quite, quite close to the dance because the sound of the throbbing, the sound of the drum was getting to be very loud. And so he imagined that he was just about at the place where the dance was being held.

The fog, in the meantime, had become very, very, very thick and he could just barely see to make his way forward.

And then as he came out into a sort of an open place, he could see just very dimly, very vaguely out of the corners of his eyes, figures moving back and forth and back and forth. And he said, "Uh huh. I have arrived. This is where the dance is being held and here these people are dancing. And so I will show them now, that Winuhbuhzhoo can dance down anyone."

And so he started to dance. Oddly enough, these figures remained pretty much in place. Just moving back a little and then forward a little, back a little, forward a little. Winuhbuhzhoo was used to a circle dance in which there was much movement. But he thought to himself, "Well, after all these are different people. But a dance is a dance. I came here as a contestant and I must dance the way that they do."

And so he started this back and forth dance. All the time the drum, the throbbing of the sound of beating in his ears, loudly and consistently.

And so he danced, and he danced, and he danced, and he danced, the figures all moving back and forth, Winuhbuhzhoo moving back and forth. And he danced for hours on end with never a pause in the sound of the drum. The dancers near him moving back and forth and back and forth and back and forth. And Winuhbuhzhoo, frankly, was just about exhausted. It was all he could do to pick up one foot and put it down, pick up the other foot and put it down. And he was just about ready to admit that he had been danced down. Then he thought to himself, "I am Winuhbuhzhoo. I am the great one. No one is going to dance me down." And so he started again with renewed energy.

Just then a little breeze sprang up. And as the fog started to twist and swirl and clear off a little bit, Winuhbuhzhoo was able to see around him. Imagine his surprise when he discovered that what he had thought to be contestants in the dance were actually the reeds moving back and forth in the slight breeze, and back and forth and back and forth.

And as the fog cleared more, he discovered that he had come close to a stream and that there was a small waterfall there. And as the water came down and struck the rocks below, it splashed and thundered; and this is what he had thought was the drum.

He said to himself, "Winuhbuhzhoo, you have tried to dance down the reeds and you have tried to outlast the drum of the waterfall. Ah, Winuhbuhzhoo, you deserve a rest."

So he went over and lay down by the stream to get a drink of water and to rest and relax. He got himself a drink of refreshing water and as he was looking in the pool here, the pool of water right before him, he saw a beautiful bunch of berries which appeared to be under the water. Winuhbuhzhoo, as with all trickster figures of course, was always hungry. And so he reached into the water for the berries. He discovered, however, that he could not reach them; and he thought, "Well, they must be deeper than they appear to be."

So he dived into the pool after the berries. And he went down; he still couldn't find

them. He came back up, took a deep breath, dived down as deeply as he could, still no berries.

Back up he came and thought about it. He said, "Indeed this pool must be very deep. The water is so clear and the berries must be at the very bottom. What I shall have to do is this. I shall get a couple of rocks and I will tie them onto my waist with my buckskin rope. And then I will be able to get down to the bottom of the pool much more quickly."

So this is exactly what he did. He took his buckskin rope, and he tied the rocks to his waist, and he leaped into the pool and down he went very, very fast—right to the bottom of the pool. He looked around, no berries.

Then he discovered, much to his surprise, that he was weighted down with rocks and could not get back up. Poor Winuhbuhzhoo, tired from dancing with the reeds. Now his life in danger because he was anchored to the bottom of the pool. And he was fighting and threshing and trying desperately to get himself back up to the top—just about exhausting the air supply in his lungs.

And then, by great good fortune, the buckskin thongs were becoming wet and stretching a little bit. And so finally, he was able to remove the rocks from his waist and shoot up to the top of the pool, gulping in great lungfuls of fresh air.

He managed to crawl out to the side of the pool, lying there practically drowned. Beaten, exhausted, he opened his eyes, and there he saw the beautiful bunch of berries hanging just above the water's edge.

"Ah, Winuhbuhzhoo," he said to himself. "You have tried to dance down the reeds. You have tried to dance longer than the drum of the waterfall. And now you have all but drowned yourself in diving for the shadow, for the reflection of the berries. Sometimes, Winuhbuhzhoo, I wonder about you."

APPENDIX E

IKTOMI AND THE WATERFOWL (SIOUX)

(Transcript)

Iktomi is the folk hero, the trickster hero, of the Sioux people of the northern plains. And this story deals with Iktomi and the waterfowl. It relates why the mudhen has red eyes, and why geese fly in a "V".

Iktomi was very hungry one day. And as he came up over the brow of a low hill, he saw out in a little valley, in the depression there before him, a lake. And there were all kinds of waterfowl on the lake, ducks and geese and coots and mudhens and helldivers and all of these various kinds of waterfowl.

And immediately Iktomi started to plan as to how he might get one. He knew, of course, that it would be extremely difficult to approach them and to catch a nice fat duck for his dinner. And so, he thought that perhaps he could play a trick on them to the extent that he might be able to get a meal.

He was carrying over his shoulder a sack which was full of twigs and small bits of wood. He was gathering firewood. And so, he thought about what he might do. And then he came boldly over the brow of the hill, in a great hurry, skirting around the pool, the little lake.

And the waterfowl looked up at him and said, "Hey, Iktomi, uh, what are you in such a great rush about? Why don't you stop and talk with us?"

And Iktomi said, "No, no, ah you see I have my bag full of magic songs and I am going over to meet some people and I have to sing my magic songs for them. And I, ah, I have to be on my way, because I'm going to be late now."

And the waterfowl said, "Well Iktomi, why don't you stop and sing a song for us? Gee whiz, you know, we would like to hear your magic songs."

And Iktomi said, "No, no, no, I have to run."

"Please, Iktomi," they said. "Please sing a song for us."

And so Iktomi said, "Well alright. Just one song. It will have to be very short. And since these songs are magic and are filled with great power, you have to do exactly what I tell you to do, ah, or I cannot sing the song for you."

And they said, "Alright Iktomi, we promise to do exactly what you tell us."

And so Iktomi said, "Well, the first thing you must all do is to come up here on the hillside, out of the water. And you must all stand in a circle around me so that I will be in the middle of the circle. And because these songs are very, very powerful, and because they are filled with magic, each of you must close his eyes while I sing this song, or something terrible will happen."

"Alright Iktomi," they said. And so they all came out of the water and they stood in a circle around Iktomi.

"Does everyone have his eyes closed?" said Iktomi.

"Yes," they all answered.

And Iktomi looked and sure enough each of the waterfowl had his eyes closed. Then Iktomi reached into his sack and took out a stick. Then he started to sing his song, "Ei yei yei yei PLOP, ei yei yei yei PLOP, ei yei yei yei PLOP."

And as waterfowl stood in a circle, he sang his song and struck each one of the waterfowl on the head so that it fell down dead. And as he went about with his stick around the circle, the poor little mudhen, on the very end, heard this strange sound. And she heard this strange sound, the PLOP sound as Iktomi struck each of these on the head with his stick.

And at last, she was getting concerned about how things were going. She did not think that that sound was quite right for a magic song. And so, just as Iktomi had come to her, and had the stick raised up so that he might strike the mudhen on the head, the little mudhen opened her eyes. And she saw Iktomi standing there with the stick all ready to strike. And she was so filled with terror, and with fear, that this terror turned her eyes red. And she sprang up with a great squawk and went flying off and was saved. But ever since that time the mudhen has had red eyes because of the great fear and terror and horror which were mirrored in her eyes when she saw Iktomi about to strike her.

So, Iktomi gathered up all of those waterfowl, put them into his bag, and lived very well for several days. Finally, however, he had eaten them all. And he got to thinking that it certainly would be fine if he had some more.

This time, when he came to the pond again, he saw that there were only geese on it. And he knew that he could not play the same trick twice. And so he thought, "Well, perhaps I can sneak down there very, very carefully and get into the water. And then I can swim under water and I can grab one of those geese by the feet and I will pull him under. And in that way I will have a fine fat goose."

And so, Iktomi was able to make his way down to the water's edge, to creep in through the reeds, and to get under the water. And as he saw the feet of all those geese paddling about, however, he looked up at them from underneath, the thought occurred to him that if one goose was good, a whole flock of geese would be much better. And so Iktomi took out the buckskin rope which he had tied at his waist.

And he thought, "Perhaps I can tie all of these geese together. I will swim under water and I will tie a knot around the feet of each one of the geese and then I will have a whole flock." So, he went about with his rope tying a knot around the feet of each one of the geese. Then, when he had them all tied up, Iktomi thought, "What I had perhaps better do is to pick the chief of the geese, that big one right there, and if I pull him under then all the rest of them will come."

So he swam under water to the feet of the chief of the geese and tried to pull down. But this was a great strong goose, and when he felt Iktomi trying to pull him down, he beat his great wings, and succeeded in flying. And here was Iktomi, hanging on to the feet of the goose.

And of course all the other geese were tied onto the same line. And so the chief of the geese took off and all the other geese followed on behind him in a straight line forming a "V" because, you see, they were tied on with this same line and they were all tied together. And this is why geese fly in a "V" today.

And an old Sioux man, when he sees a flock of geese going overhead, in the "V" formation, will look up, and grin to himself, and say, "Well, I see the geese are taking Iktomi for a ride again."

APPENDIX F

ITSUYAHYUH CREATES MAN SPEELYAI AND WHY MAN IS MORTAL

(Transcript)

Introduction

These two tales will concern the very popular and well known figure of Coyote. Each of these stories comes from among the Indian people in the northwestern section of the United States, from the Nez Perce people and from the Yakima people.

The first story is from the Nez Perce and it relates how Coyote or Itsuyahyuh as they call him, killed the great monster of Kamiah. Now Itsuyahyuh was a very clever animal and a leader of all the other animals so that when some kind of tragedy threatened them they would go to Itsuyahyuh for help.

ITSUYAHYUH CREATES MAN

Itsuyahyuh was traveling off to the east away from his own native part of the Nez Perce countryside, and he was visiting with his friends and talking and enjoying himself tremendously when a little bluebird came to him flying just as fast as ever he could fly. "Itsuyahyuh," said the bluebird, "you must come back and help your animal friends because a great tragedy is occurring at home."

"Well, what's the matter now, little bluebird?" said Itsuyahyuh.

"There is a great monster down in the valley of Kamiah," the bluebird said, "and this monster doesn't hunt, doesn't roam around the countryside, looking for animals to eat, all he does is just lie there in the bottom of that valley and when he becomes hungry he inhales. He sucks in his breath just as hard as he can. And this makes such a great wind that all the animals go flying through the air and right into the mouth of the monster."

"Oh ho," says Itsuyahyuh. "So that's the way it is. Well, now, let me think about this. Perhaps there is something that I can do."

And so he hurried back home to the valley here, meantime thinking about how he might outwit the monster. And as he hurried along, he picked up off the ground two long sharp rocks, something like knife blades. And these he tied to his waist with his buckskin rope. And then just as he came over the little hill to look down into the valley where the monster was, he saw that indeed this was a terrible, terrible creature. And as the monster had inhaled and made the air come into him, this had created a great wind which laid the trees over, and made the

dust boil up, and sticks and small stones and these kinds of things had flown through the air, and all the animals which had not been caught were quivering and whimpering.

And so, Coyote thought, and he thought, and then he had an idea. He walked just as softly as he could down quite close to the monster and here was a tree which had all been bent over by the wind but which had not been uprooted. And so Itsuyahyuh took his buckskin rope and tied himself to the tree, just as tight as ever he could. And when he was all secure, then he shouted at the monster, "Hey there, monster, hey, Kamiah, you big bum, what are you doing just lying there in my valley?"

And the monster, of course, was horrified. And he opened his eyes and looked around him and he says, "Who speaks to me like that?"

And Coyote says, "I am Itsuyahyuh, and I am the leader of these animals, and you have come here and you have done harm to them and I am going to kill you."

The monster says, "Ah you scrubby looking coyote, fat chance you have against a monster like me." And so the monster inhaled and the air came rushing into his lungs and the sticks and the stones and the dust all flew through the air, but Coyote was tied to the tree and the monster could not inhale him.

"Hey, monster, you're not so darn smart as you thought you were, huh?" says Coyote. And so Coyote starts to make faces and to shout insults at the monster in order to enrage him all the more.

The monster inhaled again, and the wind this time was even stronger, and still Coyote remains tied to the tree. Finally the monster took a great, great, great, deep breath, and blew all of the air out of his lungs and then inhaled just as powerfully as he could.

This time Coyote had taken one of his sharp rocks and he had cut the buckskin rope so that he was no longer tied to the tree and so he came flying through the air right into the monster's mouth. And the monster was so enraged, of course, that he couldn't close down his teeth on Coyote as Coyote came flying through and so Coyote found himself immediately in the stomach of the monster. And here were many other animals who had been inhaled by the monster in the same way, many of them still alive there and Coyote walks around and talks with them. And he is angry because they have made no effort to escape.

He sees the bear, this great strong bear, who could perhaps have done harm to the monster. And Coyote says to the bear, "You are a coward," and he kicked him right in the face. This is what gives that characteristic dished face look to the bear.

And he saw the rattlesnake, which had great poison and who could have harmed the monster, and Itsuyahyuh said, "You are a coward," and he stepped on the rattlesnake's head and that is why today the rattlesnake has a flat head.

Well, at any rate, Itsuyahyuh then said to the other animals, "I'll tell you what is going to happen. I am going to make an attempt to kill this monster and you had better stand by and get ready for a real storm because things are going to be pretty lively in here in a few minutes."

With that Coyote took his sharp rocks, and he found the heart of the monster and he plunged these sharp rocks into the monster's heart. And the monster ranted and roared and rolled over and bellowed and all of those good kinds of things. And indeed it was pretty lively there inside that monster with the animals flying back and forth and up and down. But

eventually the monster died and everything settled down.

But as he was dying, he was opening and closing his mouth in his death agonies and the muskrat who at that time had a long, beautiful, bushy tail tried to escape out the mouth of the monster. And the muskrat ran out just as the monster's teeth closed down, and this is what just took all of the rich and beautiful fur off the tail of the muskrat so that now he has that strange looking tail.

And as the other animals, some of them, the rat for example, thought that it was too dangerous to try to go out his mouth so he tried to escape out the anus of this animal. And again the animal in his death throes as the anal muscles contracted and expanded, stripped the hair off the tail of the rat who again previously had had rich and beautiful fur on his tail.

But, to make a long story short, all of the animals succeeded in escaping from the monster of Kamiah. And they were all rejoicing and they sang and danced and then Itsuyahyuh looked around and he saw that this great body of the monster was just lying there taking up perfectly good room. And so Itsuyahyuh said, "I'll tell you what I'll do this time." He took his sharp rock and he started to cut the monster up. And he threw the shoulder bones off to the west, and where those shoulder bones struck the earth the Yakima people came into being, a people who are very short and blockily built, and heavy through the shoulders. The dark pieces of flesh he threw to the south, and where these struck the earth the Ute people who are quite dark skinned came into being. The leg bones he threw to the east, and where the leg bones struck, the Sioux people who are tall and rangy were created. And in this way he created all the different tribes of people who live around the Nez Perce.

Finally, he had nothing left but a pool of the heart's blood and as he looked at that he realized that he had one thing left to do. And so he dipped his paw into the pool of the heart's blood of the monster, and flicked it around over the hillsides. And where the droplets of blood struck the earth, the Nez Perce people came into being, who as everyone knows, since this is a Nez Perce story, are the boldest, the strongest, the most fearless of all the tribes of Indians because they were the ones who were created from the heart's blood of the monster of Kamiah.

SPEELYAI AND WHY MAN IS MORTAL

This next Coyote story is rather short. As you know, stories can be long ones or short ones or in between kinds of ones. And this is a story which comes from the Yakima people who are the immediate neighbors on the west of the Nez Perce. And the Yakima people call Coyote Speelyai and this story tells why man is mortal.

In the beginning, so the story goes, man lived forever. And then Speelyai got in a hot hand game with the Everywhere Spirit. And Speelyai was defeated. And as a result of this, man became mortal and had to die and go up in this place above the sky. Speelyai felt quite badly about the fact that he had caused death to come to man. And so, he went to the Every-

where Spirit and spoke with him. And he said, "Look, it was my fault that man has to die. Let's have another contest of some kind and see if this time I can't win and make it possible for man to live forever."

So the Everywhere Spirit thought about that for a while and finally agreed. He said, "I'll tell you how this contest will work. There is this great ladder which reaches from the earth to the place above the sky, and if you can climb up that great ladder and take a basket with you, and when you get to the place above the sky, put in the basket all of the people who have died, and bring that back down to earth without stumbling, or tripping, or spilling anyone out of the basket, then indeed man again will live forever."

Speelyai thought that this was a fine idea. So he took the basket and he climbed this long, long way from the earth up to the place above the sky. And here he gathered all the people who once had lived on earth, but who had died and who had gone to the place above the sky and he put them all into the basket.

"What are you doing with us, Speelyai?" they said.

"Well," he said, "I want you all to be very, very, quiet, and I want you to sit just as still as you can, because if I can put you all in this basket and take you back down safely to the earth, then man will be immortal."

And all of the people here thought that that was an excellent idea. So they all cooperated with Speelyai and got into the basket as quietly as they could, and Speelyai put the great basket on his back, and started down.

At first the people were singing, and rejoicing, and happy at the prospect of their being restored to life. But then, as they looked out over the edges of the basket and saw the earth down there, and as they came closer and closer to the home of the Yakimas, they started to reconsider. They remembered the hunger sometimes that came to them, and they remembered how the country side was in the winter when the snow was deep and the animals could not be killed for food, and some of the people started to cry out saying, "No, Speelyai, we do not want to go. We do not want to go back to earth and live forever. Don't take us down there Speelyai."

And some versions of the story say that Speelyai tripped, and lost his footing on the ladder, others say that he deliberately took a misstep and tumbled all of the people out of the basket because he listened to them when they spoke about the hard times of life and about the times when man had to struggle so very painfully to continue to live and that Speelyai, himself, concluded that it was better for man to die and go to a place of quiet and of rest than to live on the earth forever and to struggle against the forces of man and of nature forever. And this, so the Yakimas say, is why man is mortal.

APPENDIX G

GAMES OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS

by

Stewart Culin

Annual Report of The Bureau of Ethnology No. 24, 1905

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CAT'S CRADLE

Cat's cradle is known to all the tribes of whom direct inquiry has been made. The Zuni explain it as the netted shield of the War Gods, and as taught to the latter by their grandmother, the Spider. The

Culin, Stewart. "Cat's Cradle," pp. 761-779, "Shinny," pp. 617-619, "Dice Games," pp. 399-405, "Wiktchane," pp. 138-140 from GAMES OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN. Copyright 1907. Reprinted by permission of the Bureau of American Ethnology.

idea seems to underlie the tradition among the Navaho also that the play was taught them by the Spider people. In addition to cat's cradle the Indians have a variety of tricks and amusements with string.* Charlie Williams, at Neah bay, Washington, described the following as a common amusement among the Makah:

A string is tied about the neck with a false knot. It is pulled tight and comes off. This is called *tu-a-oss*. The string is sometimes tied about the nose.

The writer saw this trick performed with many grimaces by an old Shoshoni woman at Fort Washakie, Wyoming.

Dr Alfred Tozzer described the trick of splicing a cut rope in the mouth, as seen by him among the Maya at Chichen Itza, Yucatan. The rope is arranged as shown in figure 1033, the point *a* being concealed from the audience, who consider the ring an unbroken piece of rope, circled twice. The rope is then cut at *b* and four ends shown, *a* still being concealed from the audience. The two ends below *b* are placed in the mouth, but, the string having been cut at *b*, a small piece only is left around the longer loop at *a*, which the tongue easily frees from the loop of the main string: the string when taken from the mouth thus shows an unbroken surface at *b*, as the small piece cut at *b* and running from *b* to *a* and back to *b* is still concealed in the mouth.

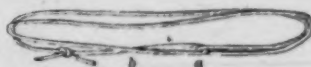


FIG. 1033. Cord arranged for trick of splicing in the mouth; Maya Indians, Chichen Itza, Yucatan; cat. no. 2815, Brooklyn Institute Museum.

Mr Dorsey describes an amusement with string among the Teton Dakota under the name of "String wrapped in and out among the fingers," etc.

ALGONQUIAN STOCK

SAUK AND FOXES. Tama, Iowa.

These Indians described the game of cat's cradle to the writer under the name of *sah-sah-nah-ki-á-ti-wi*, parcel.

ATHAPASCAN STOCK

APACHE (WHITE MOUNTAIN). Arizona. (Cat. no. 3001, Brooklyn Institute Museum.)

The cat's cradle (figure 1034) figure was collected by the writer from a White Mountain Apache girl at Albuquerque. She called it *ikinasthani*.

* Consult String Figures and Tricks, by Prof. Alfred C. Haddon. *American Anthropologist*, n. s., v. 5, p. 218, 1903.

HUPA. California.

Mr Pliny Earle Goddard* says:

The Hupa make several varieties of cat's cradle.

NAVAHO. St Michael, Arizona. (Free Museum of Science and Art, University of Pennsylvania.)

The following games of cat's cradle were collected by the writer. The figures were made by a single individual, who used his lips and teeth when necessary. The intermediary stages were not considered or exhibited.



Fig. 1033.

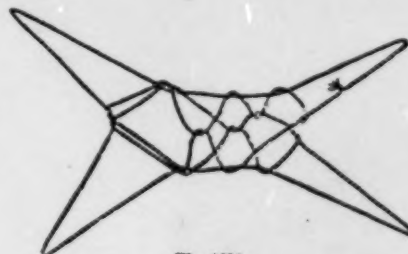


Fig. 1034.

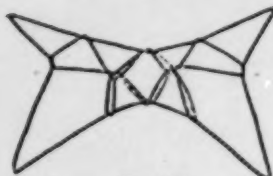


Fig. 1035.



Fig. 1036.

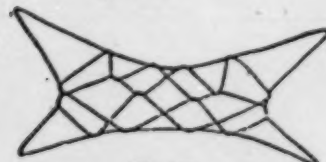


Fig. 1037.



Fig. 1038.

FIG. 1034. Cat's cradle, i-ki-ma-thi'-ni; White Mountain Apache Indians, Arizona; cat. no. 301, Brooklyn Institute Museum.

FIG. 1035. Cat's cradle, atsint'lish, lightning; Navaho Indians, St Michael, Arizona; cat. no. 22712, Free Museum of Science and Art, University of Pennsylvania.

FIG. 1036. Cat's cradle, sûtso, big star; Navaho Indians, St Michael, Arizona; cat. no. 22713, Free Museum of Science and Art, University of Pennsylvania.

FIG. 1037. Cat's cradle, sô' lani, many (group of) stars; Navaho Indians, St Michael, Arizona; cat. no. 22714, Free Museum of Science and Art, University of Pennsylvania.

FIG. 1038. Cat's cradle, sô' ahôts'ii, twin stars; Navaho Indians, St Michael, Arizona; cat. no. 22715, Free Museum of Science and Art, University of Pennsylvania.

FIG. 1039. Cat's cradle, sô' bidé' huloni, horned stars; Navaho Indians, St Michael, Arizona; cat. no. 22716, Free Museum of Science and Art, University of Pennsylvania.

Cat. no. 22712: atsint'lish, lightning, figure 1035.

Cat. no. 22713: sûtso, big star, figure 1036.

Cat. no. 22714: sô' lani, many (group of) stars, figure 1037.

Cat. no. 22715: sô' ahôts'ii, twin stars, figure 1038.

Cat. no. 22716: sô' bidé' huloni, horned stars, figure 1039.

* *Life and Culture of the Hupa*, p. 61, Berkeley, 1903.

Cat. no. 22717: dilyeche, Pleiades, figure 1040.

Cat. no. 22718: má'i alts' áyilaghuli, coyotes running apart, figure 1041.

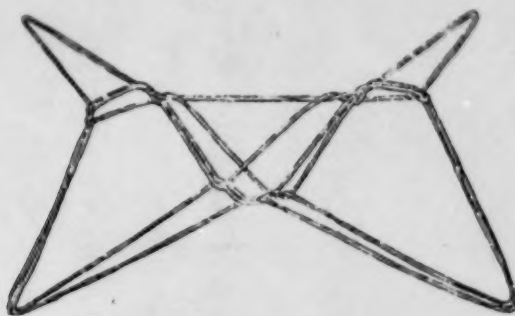


Fig. 1040.

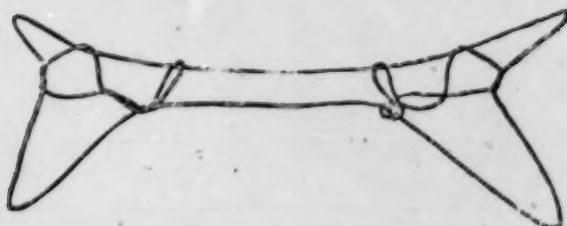


Fig. 1041.

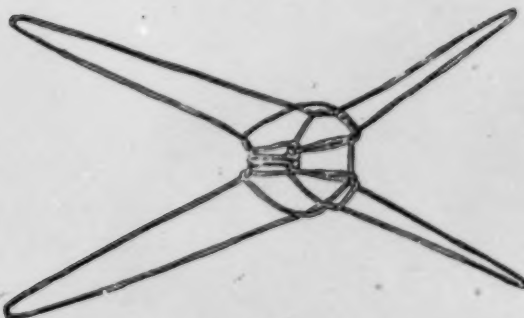


Fig. 1042.

FIG. 1040. Cat's cradle, dilyeche, Pleiades, Navaho Indians, St. Michael, Arizona; cat. no. 22717, Free Museum of Science and Art, University of Pennsylvania.

FIG. 1041. Cat's cradle, má'i alts' áyilaghuli, coyotes running apart, Navaho Indians, St. Michael, Arizona; cat. no. 22718, Free Museum of Science and Art, University of Pennsylvania.

FIG. 1042. Cat's cradle, nashja, owl, Navaho Indians, St. Michael, Arizona; cat. no. 22719, Free Museum of Science and Art, University of Pennsylvania.

Cat. no. 22719: nashja, owl, figure 1043.

Cat. no. 22720: t'ish, snake, figure 1043.

Cat. no. 22721: nashúí dich'izhi, horned toad, figure 1044.

Cat. no. 22722: lesis, poucho, figure 1043.

Cat. no. 22723: hoghan (hogan), figure 1046.

Cat. no. 22724: chiah joyeli, packing (carrying) wood, figure 1047.



Fig. 1043.

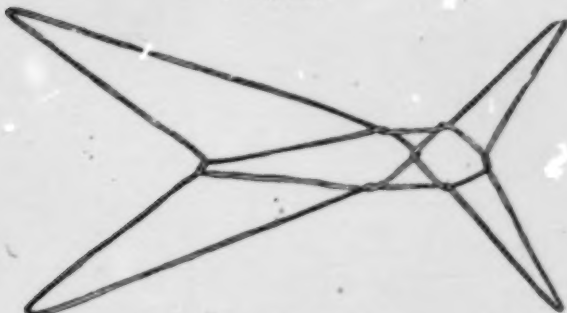


Fig. 1044.

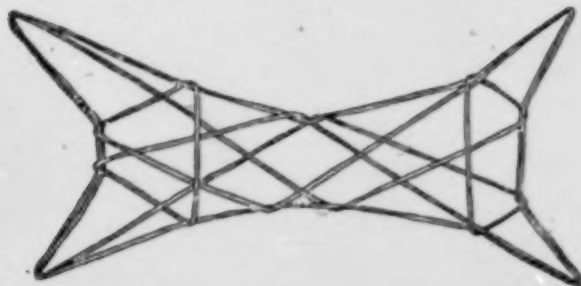


Fig. 1045.

FIG. 1043. Cat's cradle, lesis, poucho; Navaho Indians, St Michael, Arizona; cat. no. 22722, Free Museum of Science and Art, University of Pennsylvania.

FIG. 1044. Cat's cradle, nashai dikh' tahi, horned teal; Navaho Indians, St Michael, Arizona; cat. no. 22723, Free Museum of Science and Art, University of Pennsylvania.

FIG. 1045. Cat's cradle, lesis, poucho; Navaho Indians, St Michael, Arizona; cat. no. 22724, Free Museum of Science and Art, University of Pennsylvania.

Of the specimens just mentioned, cat. no. 22712, lightning, was found by the writer in Isleta (figure 1061) under the same name, and cat. no. 22714, many (group of) stars, at the same place, but the name

there was not obtained; cat. no. 22715, twin stars, occurs in Zuñi as lightning (figure 1069), and cat. no. 22724, packing (carrying) wood, also in Zuñi (figure 1068).

The following information about the game was communicated to the writer by Rev. Berard Haile in a personal letter:

Cat's cradle owes its origin to the Spider people. They, the spiders, who in the Navaho's belief were human beings, taught them the game for their

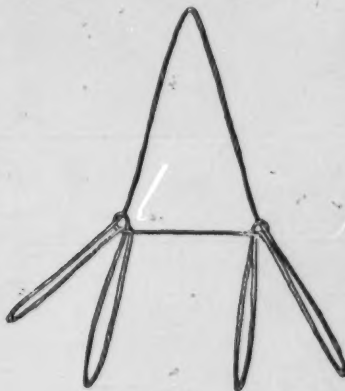


Fig. 1046.

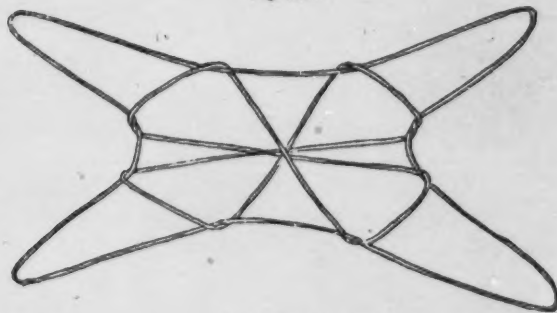


Fig. 1047.

FIG. 1046. Cat's cradle, hoghan (hegan); Navaho Indians, St Michael, Arizona; cat. no. 22721. Free Museum of Science and Art, University of Pennsylvania.

FIG. 1047. Cat's cradle, chizh joyell, packing (carrying) wood; Navaho Indians, St Michael, Arizona; cat. no. 22724, Free Museum of Science and Art, University of Pennsylvania.

amusement. The holy spiders taught the Navaho to play and how to make the various figures of stars, snakes, bears, coyotes, etc., but on one condition they were to be played only in winter, because at that season spiders, snakes, etc. sleep and do not see them. To play the cat's cradle at any other time of the year would be folly, for certain death by lightning, falling from a horse or some other mishap were sure to reach the offender. Otherwise no religious meaning is said to attach to the game. Even the above information was only extracted with much patience and scheming. I may add that one Navaho claimed that the cat's cradle is a sort of schooling by which the children are taught the position of the stars, etc. Though this might be a satisfactory

explanation, it was not approved by the medicine man from whom I obtained the above. Na' atlo, it is twisted, is the term for cat's cradle.

NAVAHO. Chaco canyon, New Mexico.

Cat's cradle (figure 1048), called carrying wood, chizh joyeti. Figure made for the writer by Dr Alfred Tozzer, who collected the specimens, with others, among the Navaho in 1901.

In addition to the above figure, Dr Tozzer furnished Prof. Alfred C. Haddon^a with the following list of cat's cradles, which he collected among the Navaho:

Man, demé; sternum with ribs, at-yit; woman's belt, sís; bow, at'-ti; arrow, ka; two hogans, nakl-hogan or at'-sa-hogan; sand-painting figure, 'os-shis-chi; coyote, ma-l; bird's nest, a-to; horned toad, na-a-sho-f-di-chizi; butterfly, ga-hi-l; star, so-a-hinat'-san'-ti-l.

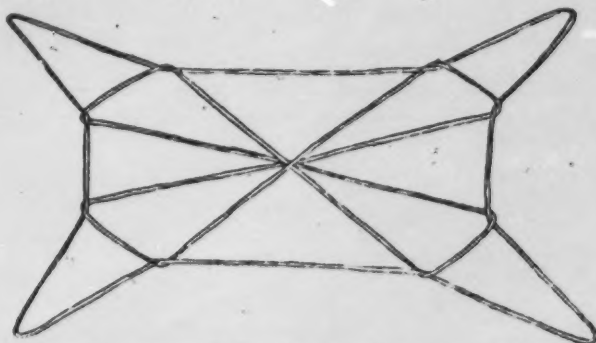


FIG. 1048. Cat's cradle, carrying wood; Navaho Indians, Chaco canyon, New Mexico, cat. no. 2538, Free Museum of Science and Art, University of Pennsylvania.

The general name for these figures is na-ash-klo, according to Mr Tozzer. The term na signifies a "continuous movement;" ash is "I," and klo is the root word of "weaving." Perhaps "continuous weaving" would be a fair translation of the Navaho word.

Professor Haddon gives directions for making the hogan, two hogans, and carrying wood, many (group of) stars, owl, and lightning, and illustrates the perfected figure of each.

TSETSAUT. Portland, British Columbia.

Dr Franz Boas^b mentions their playing the game of cat's cradle.

ESKIMAUAN STOCK

ESKIMO (CENTRAL). Frobisher bay, Baffin land, Franklin.

Capt. Charles F. Hall^c says:

The Inuit social life is simple and cheerful. They have a variety of games of their own. In one of these they use a number of bits of ivory, made in the

^aString Figures and Tricks. *American Anthropologist*, n. s., v. 5, p. 220, 1903.

^bReport of the Sixty-fifth Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, p. 568, London, 1895.

^cArctic Researches, p. 570, New York, 1860.

form of ducks, etc., such as Sampson's wife gave me, as just mentioned. In another, a simple string is used in a variety of intricate ways, now representing a tuktoo, now a whale, now a walrus, now a seal, being arranged upon the fingers in a way bearing a general resemblance to the game known to us as "cat's cradle." The people were very quick in learning of me to play chess, checkers, and dominoes.

ESKIMO (CENTRAL). Cumberland sound, Baffin land, Franklin.

Dr Franz Boas* says:

The women are particularly fond of making figures out of a loop, a game similar to our cat's cradle (ajarorpoq). They are, however, much more clever than we in handling the thong, and have a great variety of forms, some of which are

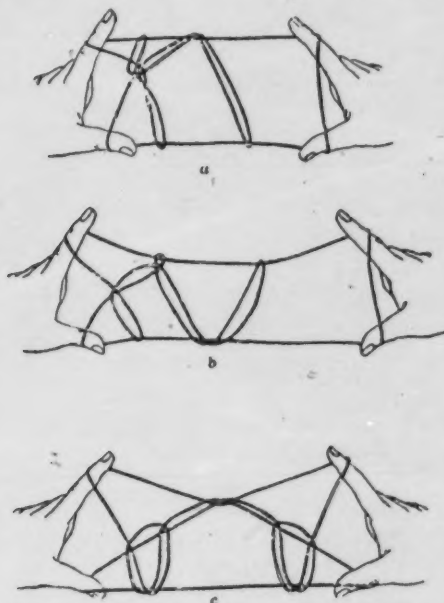


FIG. 1049 a, b, c Cat's cradle; a, deer; b, hare; c, hills and ponds; Central Eskimo. Cumberland sound, Baffin land, Franklin; from Boas.

represented in figure 1049. For example, I shall describe the method of making the device representing a deer [figure 1049a]. Wind the loop over both hands passing it over the backs of the thumbs inside the palms and outside the fourth fingers. Take the string from the palm of the right hand with the first finger of the left, and vice versa. The first finger of the right hand moves over all the parts of the thong lying on the first and fourth fingers of the right hand and passes through the loop formed by thongs on the thumb of the right hand then it moves back over the foremost thong and takes it up, while the thumb lets go the loop. The first finger moves downward before the thongs lying the fourth finger and comes up in front of all the thongs. The thumb is placed into the loops hanging on the first finger and the loop hanging on the first finger of the left hand is drawn through both and hung again over the same finger

* The Central Eskimo. Sixth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology, p. 593, 1888

The thumb and first finger of the right and the thumb of the left hand let go their loops. The whole is then drawn tight.

In addition to the above, Doctor Boas^a illustrates two other cat's cradles from this locality, one called amaroqdjung, wolf (figure 1050a), and the other ussuqdjung (figure 1050b), and he describes the manner in which all are made.

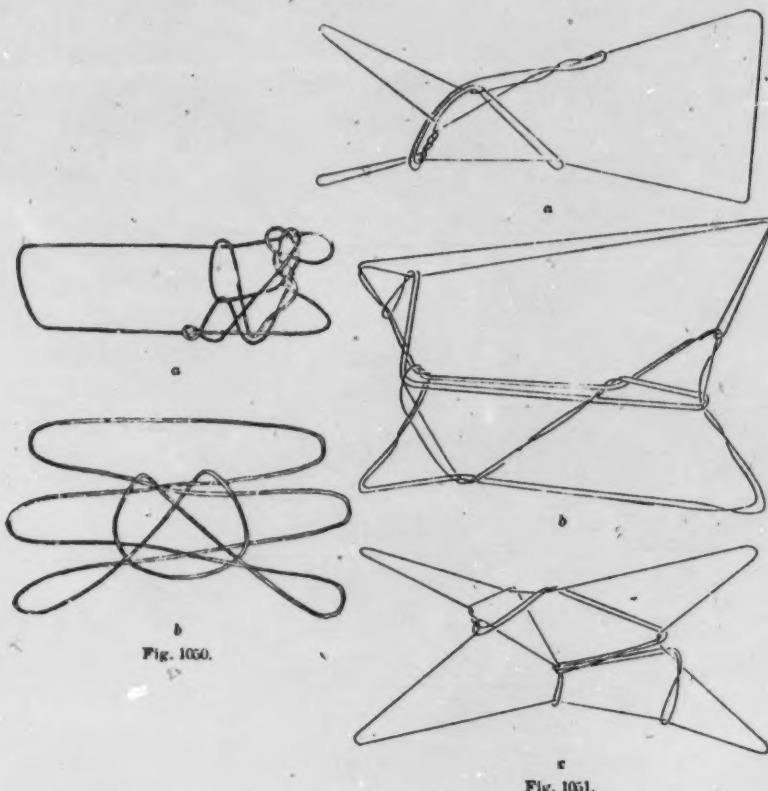


FIG. 1050 a, b. Cat's cradle; a, amaroqdjung, wolf; b, ussuqdjung; Central Eskimo, Cumberland sound, Baffin land, Franklin; from Boas.

FIG. 1051 a, b, c. Cat's cradle; fox, raven, polar bear; Ita Eskimo, Smith sound, Greenland; cat. no. 445, 446, 447. American Museum of Natural History; from Kroeber.

ESKIMO (ITA). Smith sound, Greenland.

Dr A. L. Kroeber^b figures the following cat's cradles: Fox (figure 1051a), raven (figure 1051b), polar bear (figure 1051c), narwhal (figure 1052a), hare (figure 1052b), and walrus head (figure 1052c).

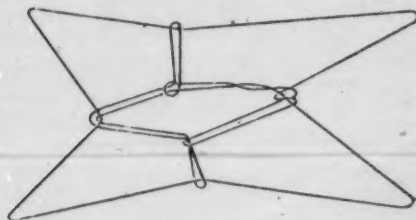
^a Internationales Archiv für Ethnographie, v. 1, p. 233, Leiden, 1888.

^b Bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History, v. 12, p. 298-300, New York, 1900.

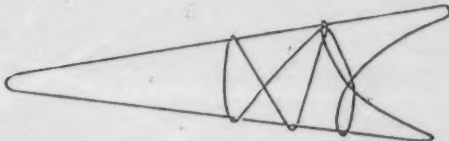
KERESAN STOCK

KERES. Acoma, New Mexico.

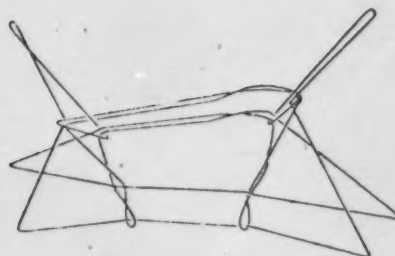
An Acoma Indian at Zuñi named James H. Miller gave the name of cat's cradle as napainet.



a



b



c

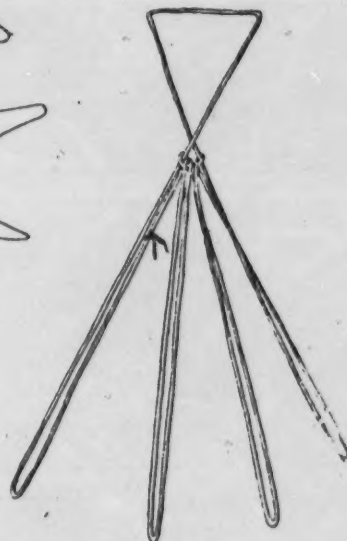


Fig. 1053.

FIG. 1052 a, b, c. Cat's cradle; narwhal, hare, walrus head; Ita Eskimo, Smith sound, Greenland; cat. no. 475, 476, 477, American Museum of Natural History; from Kroeber.

FIG. 1053. Cat's cradle, chicken foot; Keres Indians, Cochiti, New Mexico; cat. no. 4979, Brooklyn Institute Museum.

— Cochiti, New Mexico. (Brooklyn Institute Museum.)

The following cat's cradles were collected by the writer in 1901 from Francisco Chaves (Kogit), a Keres boy from Cochiti, at St. Michael, Arizona:

Cat. no. 4979: spinakaiyaka, chicken foot, figure 1053.

Cat. no. 1980: polaka, butterfly, figure 1054.

Cat. no. 1981: wisdyakka, bow, figure 1055.

Cat. no. 1982: sjonanakka, bat, figure 1056.

He gave the name as kokominnaoowishyan, string playing; koko-min, string.

cat's)

CAT'S CRADLE: POMO

KULANAPAN STOCK

Pomo. Ukiah, California. (Cat. no. 3000, Brooklyn Institute Museum.)

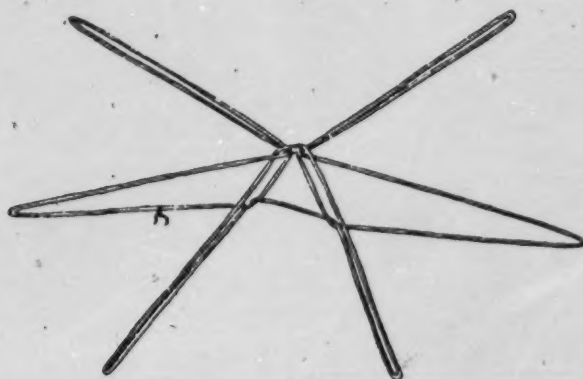


Fig. 1054.



Fig. 1055.

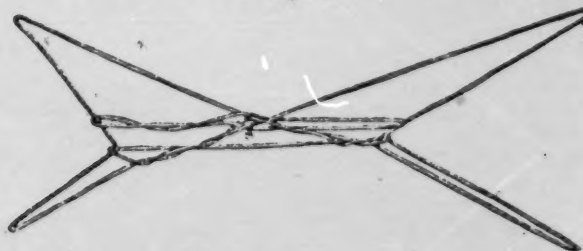


Fig. 1056.

FIG. 1054. Cat's cradle, butterfly; Keres Indians, Cochiti, New Mexico; cat. no. 4980, Brooklyn Institute Museum.

FIG. 1055. Cat's cradle, low; Keres Indians, Cochiti, New Mexico; cat. no. 4981, Brooklyn Institute Museum.

FIG. 1056. Cat's cradle, bat; Keres Indians, Cochiti, New Mexico; cat. no. 4982, Brooklyn Institute Museum.

This cat's cradle (figure 1057) was collected by the writer from a Pomo Indian man at Albuquerque. He gave the general name of the amusement as datidatu, tangled up, and of this figure as tsudium, humming bird.

MAYAN STOCK

MAYA. Chichen Itza, Yucatan. (Cat. no. 2813, 2814, Brooklyn Institute Museum.)

Dr Alfred Tozzer has furnished the writer two cat's cradles from this tribe. One (figure 1058) is called a chicken's foot. A is held on the little finger, B on the middle finger, and C on the thumb.



Fig. 1057.

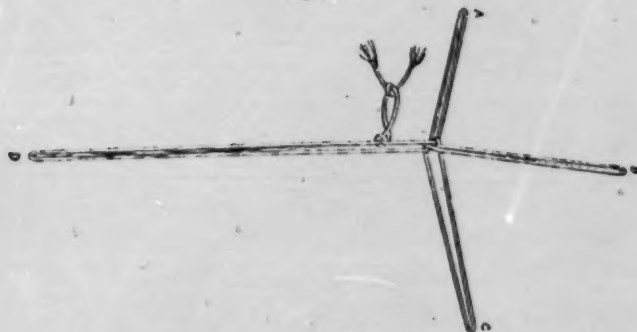


Fig. 1058.

FIG. 1057. Cat's cradle, tsadium, humming bird; Pomo Indians, Ukiah, California; cat. no. 3410, Brooklyn Institute Museum.

FIG. 1058. Cat's cradle, chicken's foot; Maya Indians, Yucatan; cat. no. 2813, Brooklyn Institute Museum.

In another (figure 1059) A is held in the mouth of the operator and D in the hand of an assisting person. B and C, held in each hand by the operator, are pulled outward from the center as D approaches the center. The operation is called sawing wood.

SALISHIAN STOCK

CLALLAM. Washington.

A Clallam boy, John Raub, described this tribe as playing cat's cradle, which they call tsushi skutsisen.

[ILLU.]

CAT'S CRADLE: THOMPSON INDIANS

SHUSWAP. Kamloops, British Columbia.

Dr Franz Boas^a says:

Children and women play cat's cradle.

SKOKOMISH. British Columbia.

Mr Charles Hill-Toot^b says these Indians were acquainted with qauwilts, or the cat's cradle game.

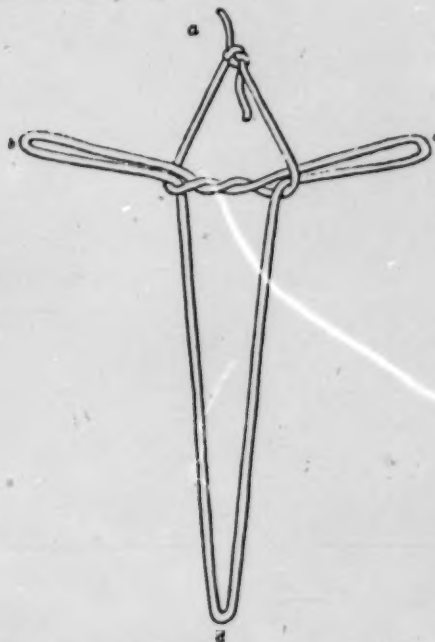


FIG. 1060. Cat's cradle, sawing wood; Maya Indians, Yucatan; cat. no. 2614, Brooklyn Institute Museum.

SONGISH. British Columbia.

Dr Franz Boas^c says:

Hqwaná'latels, the game of cat's cradle.—A great variety of figures are made. Only one person is required to make these figures. Sometimes the teeth must help in making them.

THOMPSON INDIANS (Ntlakyapamuk). British Columbia.

Mr James Teit^d says:

Many children's games were played by the smaller boys and girls. "Cat's cradle" was one of these [figure 1060]. Strings were fixed on the fingers in

^a Grand General Report on the Indians of British Columbia. Report of the Sixtieth Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, p. 611, London, 1891.

^b Notes on the Skequ'le of British Columbia. Report of the Seventieth Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, p. 488, London, 1900.

^c Second General Report on the Indians of British Columbia. Report of the Sixtieth Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, p. 571, London, 1891.

^d The Thompson Indians of British Columbia. Memoirs of the American Museum of Natural History, whole series, v. 2, p. 281, New York, 1900.

different ways, so as to present many forms, such as the "beaver," the "deer," the "buckskin," the "conical lodge," the "women's house," the "man stealing wood," etc.

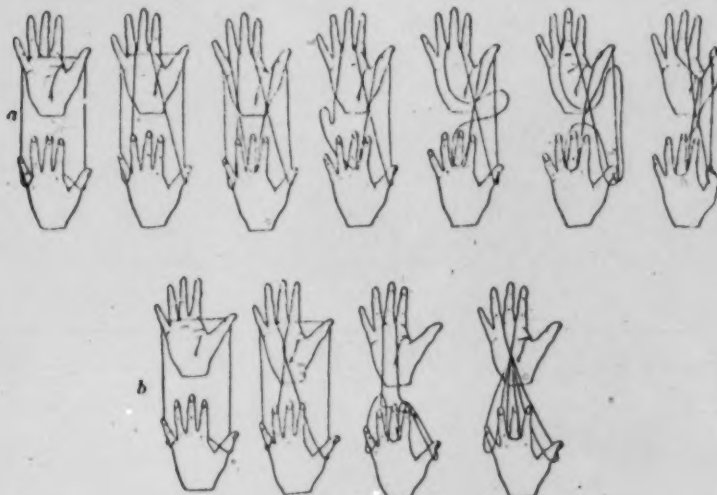


Fig. 1000.

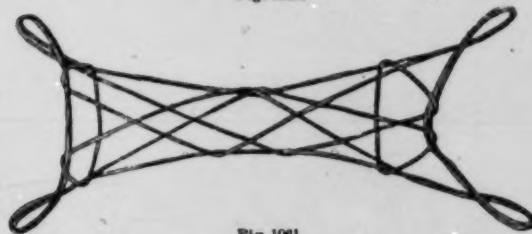


Fig. 1061.

FIG. 1000. Cat's cradle; *a*, dressing a skin; *b*, pitching a tent; Thompson Indians, British Columbia; from sketches by Harlan I. Smith.

FIG. 1061. Cat's cradle; Tigua Indians, Isleta, New Mexico; cat. no. 22720, Free Museum of Science and Art, University of Pennsylvania.

The figure called pitching a tent is found in Zuñi, under the name of brush house (figure 1070).

SHOSHONEAN STOCK

Hopi. Walpi, Arizona.

The Indians at the First Hopi mesa informed the writer, in 1905, that they knew a number of cat's cradles and called them all *ma-mal-lac-bi*.

TANOAN STOCK

Tewa. Hano, Arizona. (Brooklyn Institute Museum.)

The following cat's cradles were collected by the writer in 1905:

Cat. no. 7129, *bo-tān-la*.

Cat. no. 7130, *a-gai-yo-sin-i*.

TIGUA. Isleta, New Mexico. (Free Museum of Science and Art, University of Pennsylvania.)

The following cat's cradles were collected by the writer at Isleta in 1902:

Cat. no. 22729, figure 1061.

Cat. no. 22730, pakula, star, figure 1062.

Cat. no. 22731, figure 1063.

Cat. no. 22732, vopiridai, lightning, figure 1064.

The only name my informant could give for the amusement was thlu, string. He did not know names for all the figures he was able to make.

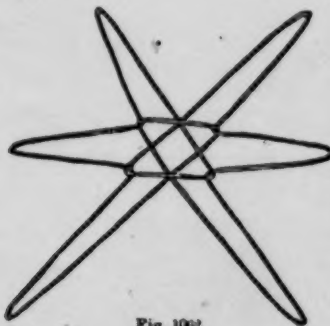


Fig. 1062.



Fig. 1061.

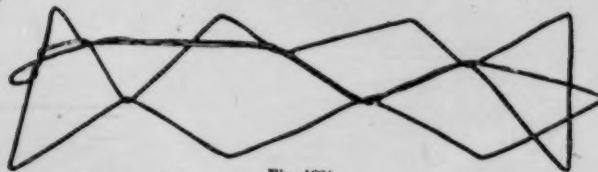


Fig. 1064.

FIG. 1062. Cat's cradle, pakula, star; Tigua Indians, Isleta, New Mexico; cat. no. 22730, Free Museum of Science and Art, University of Pennsylvania.

FIG. 1061. Cat's cradle; Tigua Indians, Isleta, New Mexico; cat. no. 22731, Free Museum of Science and Art, University of Pennsylvania.

FIG. 1064. Cat's cradle, vopiridai, lightning; Tigua Indians, Isleta, New Mexico; cat. no. 22732, Free Museum of Science and Art, University of Pennsylvania.

Cat. no. 22731 occurs among the Navaho as many (group of) stars (figure 1037), and cat. no. 22732 as lightning (figure 1035).

WAKASHAN STOCK

MAKAH. Neah bay, Washington.

Charlie Williams described the Makah as playing cat's cradle under the name of howwutsoksh.

The figures corresponded with those of our common child's play. The first he called bow, bistati; the second, devillish, tiththupe. Another figure was the frog, wachit. Girls and boys play.

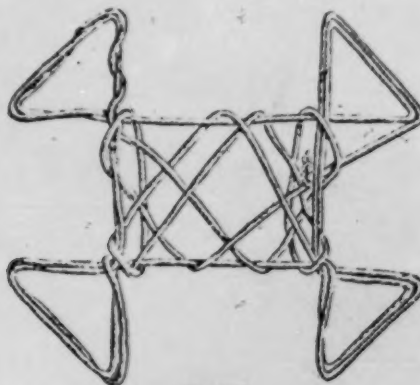


Fig. 1065.

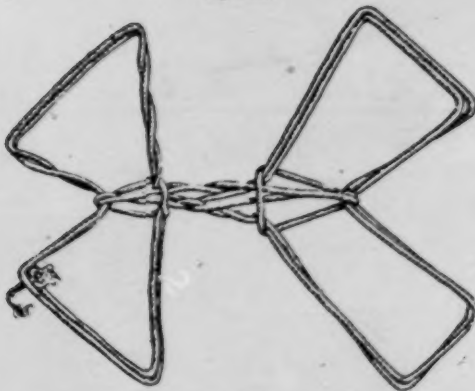


Fig. 1066.

FIG. 1065. Cat's cradle, hpaish, mealing stone; Maricopa Indians, Arizona; cat. no. 2921, Brooklyn Institute Museum.

FIG. 1066. Cat's cradle, kpaitch, turtle; Maricopa Indians, Arizona; cat. no. 2922, Brooklyn Institute Museum.

YUMAN STOCK

MARICOPA. Arizona. (Brooklyn Institute Museum.)

The following cat's cradles were collected for the writer by Mr Louis L. Meeker:

Cat. no. 2921: hpaish, mealing stone (figure 1065).

Cat. no. 2922: kpaitch, turtle (figure 1066).

ZUÑIAN STOCK

ZUÑI. Zuñi, New Mexico. (Free Museum of Science and Art, University of Pennsylvania.)

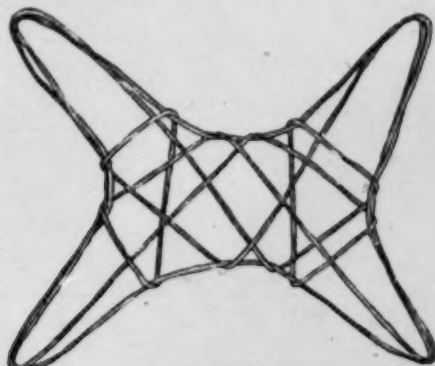


Fig. 1067.

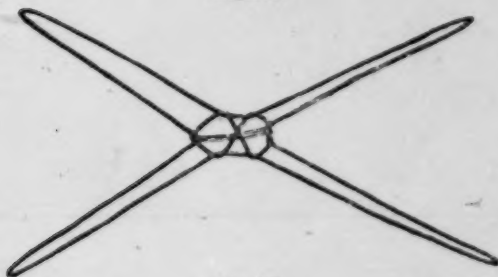


Fig. 1068.

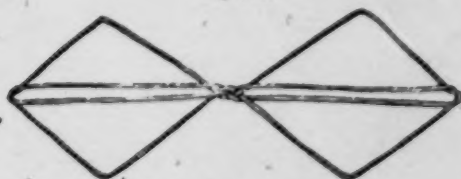


Fig. 1069.

FIG. 1067. Cat's cradle, pich wainai, netted shield, Zuñi Indians, Zuñi, New Mexico; cat. no. 22604, Free Museum of Science and Art, University of Pennsylvania.

FIG. 1068. Cat's cradle, pishkappa pichowainai, netted shield; Zuñi Indians, Zuñi, New Mexico; cat. no. 22605, Free Museum of Science and Art, University of Pennsylvania.

FIG. 1069. Cat's cradle, pichowai wailolo, lightning; Zuñi Indians, Zuñi, New Mexico; cat. no. 22606, Free Museum of Science and Art, University of Pennsylvania.

The following cat's cradles were collected by the writer in Zuñi in 1902:

Cat. no. 22604: pichowainai, netted shield (figure 1067).

Cat. no. 22605: pishkappa pichowainai, netted shield (figure 1068).

Cat. no. 22606: pichowai wailolo, lightning (figure 1069).

- Cat. no. 22607: pichowai hampunnai, brush house (figure 1070).
 Cat. no. 22608: pichowai hampunnai, brush house (figure 1071).
 Cat. no. 22609: tslempistonai pichowainai, top cross-beam of ladder (figure 1072).

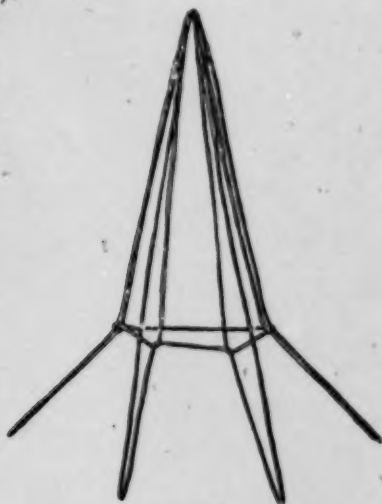


Fig. 1070.

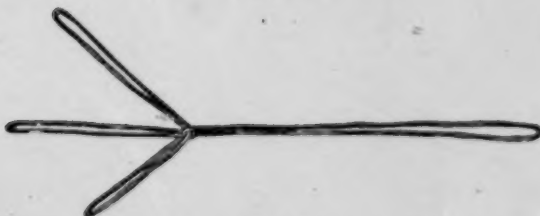


Fig. 1071.

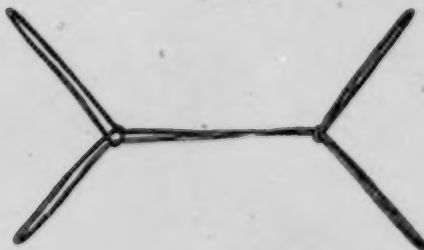


Fig. 1072.

- FIG. 1070. Cat's cradle, pichowai hampunnai, brush house; Zuñi Indians, Zuñi, New Mexico; cat. no. 22607, Free Museum of Science and Art, University of Pennsylvania.
 FIG. 1071. Cat's cradle, pichowai hampunnai, brush house; Zuñi Indians, Zuñi, New Mexico; cat. no. 22608, Free Museum of Science and Art, University of Pennsylvania.
 FIG. 1072. Cat's cradle, tslempistonai pichowainai, top cross-beam of ladder; Zuñi Indians, Zuñi, New Mexico; cat. no. 22609, Free Museum of Science and Art, University of Pennsylvania.

(CUN)

CAT'S CRADLE: ZUÑI

Cat. no. 22610: pichowai atslonononai, sling (figure 1073).

Cat. no. 22605 occurs among the Navaho as packing (carrying) wood (figure 1017); and cat. no. 22606 as twin stars (figure 1018).

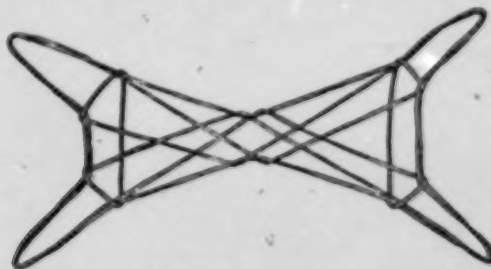


FIG. 1073. Cat's cradle, pichowai atslonononai, sling; Zuñi Indians, Zuñi, New Mexico; cat. no. 22610, Free Museum of Science and Art, University of Pennsylvania.

My informant in Zuñi stated that the cat's cradle was called pichowainai or pishkappoa, the netted shield, figures 1067 and 1068, actually representing this shield, which was supposed to have been carried by the War God. The idea is borrowed from the spider web, and cat's cradle was taught to the little boys, the twin War Gods, by their mother, the Spider Woman, for their amusement.

SHINNY

Shinny is especially a woman's game, but it is also played by men alone (Assiniboin, Yankton, Mohave, Walapai), by men and women alone (Sank and Foxes, Tewa, Tigum), by men and women together (Sank and Foxes, Assiniboin), by men against women (Crows). It may be regarded as practically universal among the tribes throughout the United States. As in racket, the ball may not be touched with the hand, but is both batted and kicked with the foot. A single bat is ordinarily used, but the Makah have two, one for striking and the other for carrying the ball. The rackets are invariably curved, and usually expanded at the striking end. In some instances they are painted or carved.

* The Indians of the Northwest, p. 118, Columbia, 1850.

* The Wisconsin Winnepigons. Collections of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, v. 12, p. 126, Madison, 1892.

The ball is either of wood, commonly a knot, or of buck-skin. The wooden ball occurs chiefly on the Pacific coast and in the Southwest. The buckskin ball is generally used by the Eastern and Plains tribes, and is commonly flattened, with a median seam, the opposite sides being painted sometimes with different colors. The Navaho use a bag-shaped ball. The goals consist of two posts or stakes at the ends of the field, or two blankets spread side by side on the ground (Crows); again a single post is used (Menominee, Shuswap, Omaha) or lines drawn at the ends of the field over which the ball must be forced (Navaho, Eskimo, Omaha, Makah). The distance of the goals is not recorded, except among the Miwok (200 yards), the Omaha (300 yards), Mono (1,400 yards and return), and the Makah (200 yards).

In a California form of the game the players were lined up along the course and struck their ball along the line, the game corresponding with one in which the ball was kicked, struck, or tossed, played by the same tribe.

The game of shinny is frequently referred to in the myths. It was commonly played without any particular ceremony. Among the Makah it was played at the time of the capture of a whale, the ball being made from a soft bone of that animal. The shinny stick may be regarded as analogous to the club of the War Gods.

ALGONQUIAN STOCK

ARAPAHO. Cheyenne and Arapaho reservation, Oklahoma.

Mr James Mooney^a describes the woman's game of gugahawat, or shinny, played with curved sticks and a ball like a baseball (figure 788), called gaa-wa'ha, made of buffalo hair and covered with buck-skin.

Two stakes are set up as goals at either end of the ground, and the object of each party is to drive the ball through the goals of the other. Each inning is a game.

Mr Mooney gives the Cheyenne name of this game as ohonistuts.



FIG. 788. Shinny ball and stick; Arapaho Indians, Oklahoma; from Mooney.

^aThe Ghost Dance Religion. Fourteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology, U. S. G. P. O., 1896.

ARAPAHO. Wind River reservation, Wyoming. (Cat. no. 36974, Free Museum of Science and Art, University of Pennsylvania.)

Ball covered with buckskin (figure 789), flattened, with median seam, one face painted with a cross, dividing it into quarters, the other with a similar cross, the quarters each containing two dots, with a T-shaped mark between; diameter, 4 inches. Three metal dangles are attached to the center of one face. There is a thong loop for suspension. Collected by the writer in 1900.

Wind River reservation, Wyoming. (Free Museum of Science and Art, University of Pennsylvania.)

Cat. no. 36976. Shinny stick (figure 791), besh, curved at the end and painted red and blue; length, 40 inches. Ball (figure 790) covered with buckskin, with median seam, one face painted red and one green; diameter, 3½ inches.



Fig. 789.



Fig. 790.



Fig. 792.



Fig. 791.

FIG. 789. Shinny ball; diameter, 4 inches; Arapaho Indians, Wind River reservation, Wyoming; cat. no. 36974, Free Museum of Science and Art, University of Pennsylvania.

FIG. 790. Shinny ball; diameter, 3½ inches; Arapaho Indians, Wind River reservation, Wyoming; cat. no. 36976, Free Museum of Science and Art, University of Pennsylvania.

FIG. 791. Shinny stick; length, 40 inches; Arapaho Indians, Wind River reservation, Wyoming; cat. no. 36976, Free Museum of Science and Art, University of Pennsylvania.

FIG. 792. Shinny ball; diameter, 3 inches; Arapaho Indians, Wyoming; cat. no. 200764, United States National Museum.

Cat. no. 36975. Shinny stick, besh, curved at the end and painted with bands of red and green; length, 34 inches.

These were collected by the writer in 1900.

Wyoming. (United States National Museum.)

Cat. no. 200764. Beaded ball (figure 792), made of buckskin, slightly flattened, with buckskin thong for suspension; diameter, 3½ inches. The ball is completely covered with a ground of white glass beads divided by two intersecting lines of red beads into four segments, each of which contains a design in colored beads, probably representing conventionalized animal figures. The designs on opposite sides are alike.

Cat. no. 200765. Beaded ball, similar to the preceding, but only partially covered with beads. Two intersecting lines of white and red beads divide the ball into four segments, each of which contains a rectangular beaded design, two opposite ones alike of white and red beads with green center, and two of dark blue and white with green center. It has a loop for suspension.

Cat. no. 200763. Beaded ball, entirely covered with beadwork. Two bands of white beads surround the ball at right angles, forming four segments, two on opposite sides composed of beads of different colors—pink, white, blue, yellow, red, and green—and two, also opposite, of blue beads with a white middle line and colored figures on the blue ground.

The three preceding balls belong to the E. Granier collection.



FIG. 794. Shiny ball; diameter, 4 inches; Cheyenne Indians, Oklahoma; cat. no. 16025, United States National Museum.

ARAPAHO. Wyoming.

In the tale of "Foot-Stuck Child" * Dr A. L. Kroeber relates how a miraculous girl, who is escaping from her husband, a buffalo, and from a rock who wished to marry her, threw up a ball which she was carrying. She first threw the ball, and as it came down kicked it upward, and her fathers, in turn, rose up. Then she threw and kicked it for herself. She and her fathers reached the sky in one place. They live in a tent covered with stars.

In Doctor Dorsey's ^b version of the same story the girl disobeys her father's injunction not to leave her tipi to take part in a shiny-ball game, and was captured by the buffalo bull.

CHEYENNE. Oklahoma. (United States National Museum.)

Cat. no. 166027. Hide ball (figure 793), disk-shaped, with two hide faces sewed to a strip at the edge, painted brown, with a design of a turkey drawn on one side and on the opposite side a deer, with hills and pine trees; diameter, 4 inches; thickness, 2 inches.

* Traditions of the Arapaho, p. 169, Chicago, 1903.

^b Ibid., p. 172.

NAVAHO. New Mexico. (Cat. no. 9557, United States National Museum.)

Set of three sticks of root of cottonwood, 8 inches in length, about 1 1/2 inches in breadth, and one-half inch in thickness, one side flat and blackened, the other rounded and unpainted (figure 95); one stick tied near the end to prevent splitting. They show marks

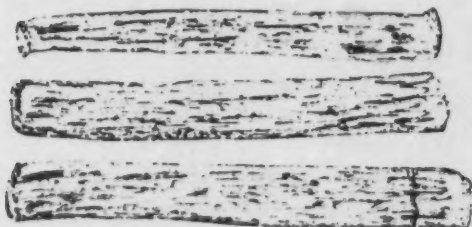


FIG. 95. Stick dice, length, 8 inches, Navaho Indians, New Mexico; cat. no. 9557, United States National Museum.

of continued use. Collected by Dr Edward Palmer.

As observed by the writer at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago, the Navaho play on a circle of forty stones, throwing the staves ends down upon a flat stone placed in the center. Each player has a splint or twig to represent him upon the board, and these are all placed together at one of the four openings in the circle at the commencement of the game. The throws count as follows: Three round side up counts 10; three flat, 5; two rounds and one flat, 0; one round and two flat, 0. The following vocabulary of the game was furnished me by a Navaho at Chicago: The game, *set-tilth*; the staves, *set-tilth*; the circle of stones, *sen-astil*; the stone in the center, *a-cle-sane*.



FIG. 96. Navaho Indian women playing stick dice, St Michael, Arizona; from photograph by Rev. Bernard Hall.

Dr Washington Matthews* describes a game played by Navaho women under the name of *tsidil* or *tindil*:

The principal implements are three sticks, which are thrown violently, ends down, on a flat stone around which the gamblers sit. The sticks rebound so

* Navajo Legends, note 17, p. 219, Boston, 1897.

well that they would fly far away were not a blanket stretched overhead to throw them back to the players. A number of small stones placed in the form of a square are used as counters. These are not moved, but sticks, whose positions are changed according to the fortunes of the game, are placed between them. The rules of the game have not been recorded.

Doctor Matthews tells,^a among the early events of the fifth or present world, that while they were waiting for the ground to dry the women erected four poles on which they stretched a deerskin, and under the shelter of this they played the game of three sticks, tindi, one of the four games which they brought from the lower world.^b

NAVAHO. Arizona. (Cat. no. 62540, Field Columbian Museum.)

Three flat blocks, 6 inches in length, one face painted with equal bands of green, blue, and red, and the other face half blue and half red.

They were collected by Dr George A. Dorsey, who describes the game under the name of sitih.

The circle is senestl. The game is 40 and the counts are as follows: All with three bands up count 5; all with two bands up, 10; one with three bands and two with two bands, 2; two with three bands and one with two bands, 3; one with two bands and two with three bands, 3.

--- Arizona. (Cat. no. 74735, United States National Museum.)

Set of seven blocks of cedar wood, three-fourths of an inch in length, seven-sixteenths of an inch wide, and one-fourth of an inch thick (figure 97): section hemispherical. Six have flat sides blackened and one painted red; opposite unpainted.

These were collected by Dr Washington Matthews, U. S. Army. The game was "played with counters by women."

Doctor Matthews^c describes another game similar to the above under the name of taka-thad-sata^d or the thirteen chips:

It is played with thirteen thin flat pieces of wood which are colored red on one side and left white or uncolored on the other. Success depends on the number of chips which, being thrown upward, fall with their white sides up.

In the gambling contest between Hastsehogan and Nohoilpi the animals came to the relief of the former, and in the game of taka-



FIG. 97. Wooden dice; length, 1 inch; Navaho Indians, Arizona; cat. no. 74735, United States National Museum.

^aNavajo Legends, p. 77, Boston, 1897.

^bIbid. The other games were dikhon, played with two sticks, each the length of an arm; ntsa, played with forked sticks and a ring; and aspin.

^cIbid, p. 83.

^dTaka thad sata was the first of four games played by the young Hastsehogan with the gambling god Nohoilpi. These four games are not the same as the four described as brought from the under world. They comprise, in addition, nanzoz, hoop and pole; t-netsil, push on the wood, in which the contestants push on a tree until it is torn from its roots and falls, and tsol, ball, the object in which was to hit the ball so that it would fall beyond a certain line.

GAMES OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS

(Continued)

SNOW-SNAKE

I have included under the general name of snow-snake all that class of games in which darts or javelins are hurled along snow or ice or free in the air in a competition to see whose dart will go the farthest. They appear to be confined to the northern range of tribes, within the limit of ice and snow.

There are three principal types: First, the snow-snake proper, in which a long polished rod is made to glide on the snow or ice; second, the bone slider, in which a piece of bone or horn, stuck with two feathers, is made to slide along the ice; third, a game in which a javelin, sometimes feathered and commonly tipped with horn, is made to slide along the ground or to dart through the air, after being made to glance by striking the earth or some other obstacle.

The game of snow-snake is played with rods up to 10 feet in length, round or flat, usually highly polished, and not infrequently carved at the end. Shorter sticks, simple javelins or darts with carved heads, are also used. They are made to slide along the frozen crust, or in a rut in the snow. Sides are chosen and stakes bet upon the result, a snake which outdistances all on the opposite side counting a point. Snow-snake is distinctly a man's game, but special forms exist for women.

As suggested by the Omaha game, the first form appears to have been originally a game of sliding bows, and these may be referred to the two bows of the twin War Gods. The hurled snakes may be referred to their war clubs. The bone sliders which have been col-

lected from a number of tribes--Algonquian, Kiowan, and Siouan--remain unexplained. They are all alike, with two feathers stuck on pegs, and suggest a bird in their form. The third form of darts is probably derived from arrows.

ALGONQUIAN STOCK

ARAPAHO. Cheyenne and Arapaho reservation, Oklahoma.

Mr James Mooney* says:

The *bâtiqtâba* (abbreviated *tiqtap*) game of the Arapaho and other prairie tribes somewhat resembles the Iroquois game of the snow-snake, and is played by children or grown persons of both sexes. It is a very simple game, the contestants merely throwing or sliding the sticks along the ground to see who can send them farthest. Two persons or two parties play against each other, boys sometimes playing against girls, or men against women. It is, however, more especially a girls' game. The game sticks (*bâtiqtâ'wa*) are slender willow rods, about 4 feet long, peeled and painted, and tipped with a point of buffalo horn to enable them to slide more easily along the ground. In throwing, the player holds the stick at the upper end with the thumb and fingers, and, swinging it like a pendulum, throws it out with a sweeping motion. Young men throw arrows about in the same way, and small boys sometimes throw ordinary reeds or weed stalks.

CHEYENNE. Oklahoma. (Cat. no. 21943, Free Museum of Science and Art, University of Pennsylvania.)

Feathered bone (figure 512) for throwing on the ice, called *hekone-natsistam*, or bone game, consisting of a piece of buffalo or beef rib, 7 inches in length, with two sticks fitted at one end, each bearing a hawk feather, dyed red; total length, 25 inches.

It was collected by Mr Louis L. Meeker, who has kindly furnished the following particulars:

The thumb is placed on one side of the bone, the forefinger between the sticks, with the end against the end of the bone, and the other three fingers opposed to the thumb against the other side of the rib, the convex side of which is down. It is then thrown down and forward against a smooth surface, preferably ice, so that it glances forward as throwing-sticks and snow-snakes do.



FIG. 512. Feathered bone slider: length, 7 inches; Cheyenne Indians, Oklahoma; cat. no. 21943, Free Museum of Science and Art, University of Pennsylvania.

The marks etched on the bone represent a horned toad, a tarantula, the milky way, and the moon. The four marks invoke the four winds,

while the six legs of the tarantula represent up and down and the cardinal points.

Oklahoma. (Cat. no. 67358, Field Columbian Museum.)

Dart points, made of polished horn $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length, mounted on sticks 31 and 32 inches in length. The shorter one is notched at the end like an arrow.

*The Ghost Dance Religion. Fourteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology, p. 1007, 1890.

Collected by Rev. H. R. Voth in 1890, who gave the following information:

The points are of buffalo horn and are employed as points for sticks from 4 to 6 feet long. The arrows thus formed are used in a game in which a number of girls shoot or hurl the darts along the road or other smooth ground. The object of the contest is to determine who can make the dart go farthest.

CHEYENNE. Cheyenne reservation, Montana. (Field Columbian Museum.)

Cat. no. 69985. Javelin, with conical bone head, 5 inches in length, and wooden shaft painted blue; total length, 66 inches.

This was collected in 1901 by Mr. S. C. Simms, who describes it as used in a woman's game, played on the ice or hard crust of snow and called majestum.

Cat. no. 69984. Arrow tipped with a conical bone point, 4 inches in length, with wooden shaft, painted yellow, and having feathers tied at the end; total length, 27½ inches.

This was collected in 1901 by Mr. S. C. Simms, who describes it as used in a man's game.

The stick is seized by one end, whirled rapidly around with a vertical motion, and released when it gains momentum. The object is to make it go as far as possible.

CHIPPEWA. Apostle islands, Wisconsin.

J. G. Kohl^a says:

The Indians are also said to have many capital games on the ice, and I had the opportunity, at any rate, to inspect the instruments employed in them, which they called shoshiman (slipping sticks). These are elegantly carved and prepared; at the end they are slightly bent, like the iron of a skate, and form a heavy knob, while gradually tapering down in the handle. They cast these sticks with considerable skill over the smooth ice. In order to give them greater impulsion, a small, gently rising incline of frozen snow is formed on the ice, over which the gliding sticks bound. In this way they gain greater impetus, and dart from the edge of the snow mound like arrows.

—— Wisconsin.

Prof. I. I. Ducatel^b says:

They have their shoshiman, or snow stick, about the length of a common walking cane, cut out in the shape of a sledge, which they cause to slide over the snow or ice.

—— Mille Lacs, Minnesota. (Cat. no. 204597, United States National Museum.)

A wooden club, 26½ inches in length, flat on one side and round on the reverse, one end wedge-shaped, with its upper face burned and marked with incised lines painted red and yellow, as shown in figure 513. Collected by Mr. G. H. Beaulieu.

^a Kitchi-Gami, *Wandering around Lake Superior*, p. 90, London, 1860.

^b A Fortnight among the Chippewas. *The Indian Miscellany*, p. 308, Albany, 1877.

This object is stated by the collector to be a rabbit club, which is glanced or thrown along the surface of the snow to kill the animal, "like a snow-snake."



FIG. 511. Snow-snake; length, 36 inches; Chippewa Indians, Mille Lacs, Minnesota; cat. no. 3497, United States National Museum.

CHIPPEWA. Bear island, Leech lake, Minnesota. (American Museum of Natural History.)

Cat. no. 4773. Snow-snake (figure 511a), a straight stick, pointed at one end, 26 inches in length.

Cat. no. 4772. Snow-snake (figure 511b), curved upward and expanding at the farther end, 29½ inches in length.

These specimens were collected in 1903 by Dr William Jones, who describes them as played on the snow and called shoshiman, sliders.

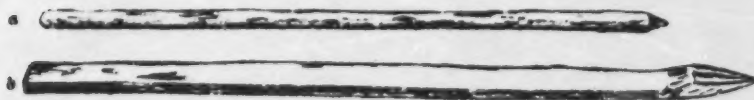


FIG. 514 a & b. Snow snakes; lengths, 26 and 29 inches; Chippewa Indians, Bear island, Leech lake, Minnesota; cat. no. 4773, 4772, American Museum of Natural History.

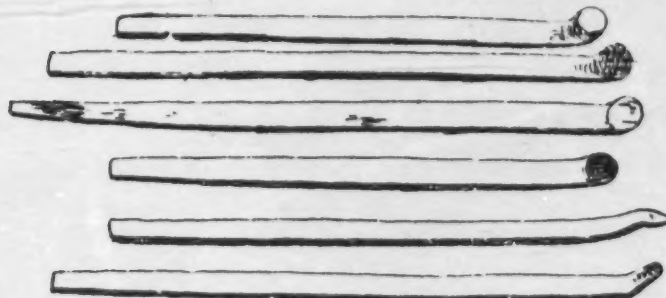


FIG. 515. Snow snakes; length, 12½ inches; Chippewa Indians, Bear island, Leech lake, Minnesota; cat. no. 4774, American Museum of Natural History.

Cat. no. 4775. Six snow-snakes (figure 515), 12½ inches in length, with fore ends turned upward and carved differently.

Collected by Dr William Jones, who describes them under the name of shoshiman, sliders:

A small boy's game. Each has an equal number. Played on a ridge of snow, down which a little groove is made. The object is to send the stick the farthest.

CHIPPewa. Bois fort, near Rainy river, Minnesota. (Cat. no. 4474, American Museum of Natural History.)

Wooden club (figure 516), made of white cedar, tapering to the point and burned black; 22 inches in length. Collected by Dr William Jones in 1903.



FIG. 516. Snow-scraper; length, 22 inches; Chippewa Indians, Bois fort, Minnesota; cat. no. 4474, American Museum of Natural History.

— Turtle mountain, North Dakota. (Cat. no. 4434, American Museum of Natural History.)

Wooden club (figure 517), 21½ inches long, expanded at the upper end and painted red.

Collected in 1903 by Dr William Jones, who describes it as thrown on the snow with a wrist movement and gives the name as kwashkashiman, bounding slider.



FIG. 517. Snow-scraper; length, 21½ inches; Chippewa Indians, Turtle mountain, North Dakota; cat. no. 4434, American Museum of Natural History.

CREE. Muskowpetung reserve, Qu'appelle, Assiniboina. (Field Columbian Museum.)

Cat. no. 61989. Wooden dart (figure 518), 7½ inches in length, the shaft decorated with a burnt design; described by the collector, under the name of puckitseeman.

Played by any number of persons, of either sex or any age, either singly or by partners. A narrow track is made down the side of a hill covered with snow for a distance of 60 feet or more. This track is level. The puck is started at the top of the track; it is not shoved, but must start off by its own weight. The track is barred at four points, about 10 feet apart, by snow barriers. The object is to pass the puck through as many as possible or all of the four barriers, and at the same time to have it not leave the track.

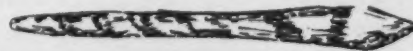


FIG. 518. Snow-dart (puckitseeman); length, 7½ inches; Cree Indians, Assiniboina; cat. no. 61989, Field Columbian Museum.

To win, the dart must be passed through all four barriers four times by the same person or partners. Count is kept, however, according to the number of barriers passed through. Considerable skill is required in this game in the handling of the puck.

Cat. no. 61991. Wooden dart (figure 519), similar to the preceding, but longer; length, 18½ inches.

This is described by the collector, under the name of shoocceeman, throwing to slide:

Played by men only, either singly or in partnership. Four barriers of loose snow are constructed at distances of a few feet apart and immediately behind each other.

GAMES OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS [ETH. ASS. 24]

The players stand about ten feet distant from the nearest barrier, and the stick is thrown, as in underhand bowling, directly at the nearest barrier, while it approaches with a gliding motion. The object of the game is to pass the stick through the entire set of barriers at one throw, which wins the game; points may be counted, however, according to the number of barriers penetrated by the dart.

In the case of a tie between players, the winner in the play-off must pass his dart through all barriers four times.



FIG. 519. Snow dart (Shooceman); length, 18½ inches; Cree Indians, Assinibola; cat. no. 6190, Field Columbian Museum.

Cat. no. 61990. Flat stick (figure 520), one end pointed and curved upward; length, 14½ inches.

It is described by the collector under the name of esquayopuckit-seeman:

Game played by women exclusively. Similar to game cat. no. 61989, except that the ice path is made with numerous turnings and is not impeded by barriers. The ice path is also made much narrower, being but little wider than the dart itself. The passage of the dart around the several turnings is equivalent to the passing of the dart through the snow barriers in the men's games.



FIG. 520. Snow-dart (esquayopuckit-seeman); length, 14½ inches; Cree Indians, Assinibola; cat. no. 61990, Field Columbian Museum.

All of the preceding specimens were collected by Mr J. A. Mitchell. GROSVENTRES. Fort Belknap, Montana. (Cat. no. T⁶²₂₃, American Museum of Natural History.)

End of beef rib, having two wooden pegs inserted at one end, upon which feathers are stuck; length, 24 inches. A model collected by Dr A. L. Kroeber.

MENOMINEE. Wisconsin.

Dr Walter J. Hoffman* describes the following game:

Another game for both amusement and gambling was termed the snow-snake, and was undoubtedly derived from the Ojibwa. It was played during the winter, either in the snow or on the ice, and the only article necessary consisted of a piece of hard wood, from 5 to 6 feet long and from one-half to three-fourths of an inch thick. The head was bulb-like and shaped like a snake, with eyes and a cross cut to denote the mouth. This rounded end permitted it to pass over slight irregularities in its forward movements. The player would grasp the end, or tail, of the snake by putting the index finger against the end and the thumb on one side, opposite to which would be the remaining three fingers; then stooping toward the ground the snake was held horizontally from

*The Menominee Indians. Fourteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology, p. 214, 1890.

right to left and forced forward in the direction of the head, skimming along rapidly for a considerable distance. [See figure 521.]

The Ojibwa play the game in a similar manner, but they sometimes place a ridge of snow slightly inclined away from the player in order to give the snake an upward curve as it leaves the hands, thus propelling it a considerable distance before touching the snow or ice.



FIG. 521. Menominee Indian holding snow-snake preparatory to throwing; Wisconsin; from Hoffman.

MISSISSAUGA. New Credit, Ontario.

Rev. Peter Jones* says:

Their principal play during the winter season is the snow-snake, which is made of hard smooth timber, about 6 feet long, having eyes and mouth like a snake. The manner of playing is to take the snake by the tail, and throw it along the snow or ice with all their strength. Whoever sends his snake the farthest a certain number of times gains the prize.

* History of the Ojibway Indians, p. 134, London, 1861.

GAMES OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS

(Continued)

DICE GAMES: WIKTCHAMNI

Tejon. Tule River reservation, California. (Cat. No. 70371, Field
Columbian Museum.)

Flat basket plaque for dice game, collected by Dr J. W. Hudson, who
describes it as follows:

This game is played by women with six dice made from halves of walnut
shells. The game, which is played by any number is called ho-watch, the same

* Certain Gambling Games of the Klamath Indians. *American Anthropologist*, n. s.,
v. 3, p. 26, 1901.

DICE GAMES: WIKTCHAMNE

game being applied to the dice. Three up and 3 down count 1; all up or all down, 5. The count is kept with 10 sticks, witchet. The basket plaque is called tal-wan. The designs on this plaque represent the women players, the walnut-shell dice, and the counters.

The game is played also by all other Mariiposan tribes in this manner.

WIKTCHAMNE. Keweah river, California. (Collection of Dr C. Hart Merriam.)

Flat basket plaque for dice game (figure 159) 22½ inches in diameter, with a coil foundation of yellow grass, *Epicampes rigens*; the body material is of the root of the *Cladium mariscus*. It is dec-

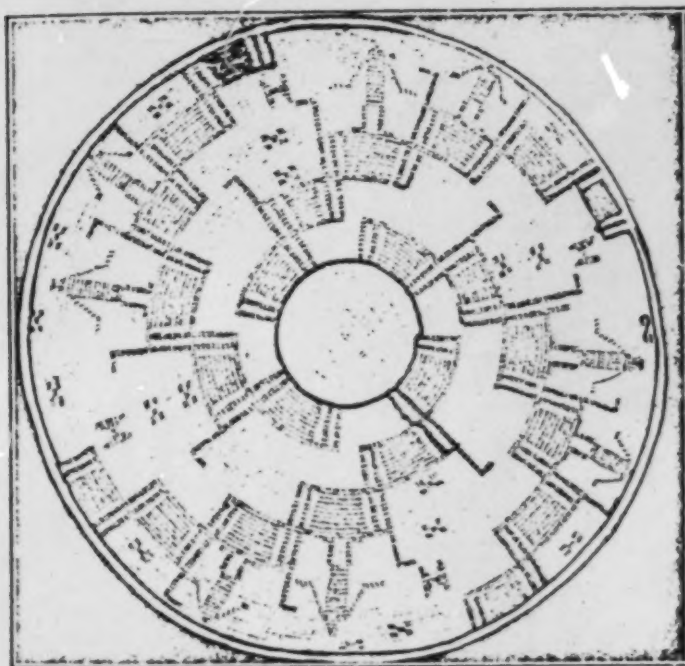


FIG. 159. Dice plaque; diameter, 22½ inches; Wikitchamne Indians, Keweah river, California; in the collection of Dr C. Hart Merriam.

orated with colored designs in red and black: the red twigs with bark on, of redbud (*Cercis occidentalis*), the black, the root of the basket fern (*Pteridium*). Doctor Merriam describes the game as played with eight dice of half walnut shells filled with pitch, inlaid with abalone shell. The flat faces up count when 2, 5, or 8 are up together. Two and five up count 1 each; eight up, 4. The basket is called ti-wan. The man-like figures represent water dogs, the 5-spots, wild-cat tracks, and the double triangles, deer tracks.

The employment of these basket plaques in dice games may in part

be explained upon the supposition that the plaques originated in basket shields. The coiled basket trays made by the Hopi Indians at the Second mesa, which suggest shields in their general character, were probably derived from shields. One of the Hopi names for shield is, *tü'-o-po-o-ta*, from *tü'-o-ka*, enemy, *po'-o-ta*, the circular tray. An unique example of an ancient basket shield, from a cliff-dwelling in the Canyon de Chelly, Arizona, is represented in plate 1.^a

YOKUTS. Fort Tejon and Tule river, California.

Mr Stephen Powers^b gives the following account:

The Yokuts have a sort of gambling which pertains exclusively to women. It is a kind of dice throwing, and is called *u-chu'-us*. For dice they take half of a large acorn or walnut shell, fill it level with pitch and pounded charcoal, and inlay it with bits of bright colored abalone shells. For a dice table they weave a very large fine basket tray, almost flat, and ornamented with devices woven in black or brown, mostly rude imitations of trees and geometrical figures. Four squaws sit around it to play, and a fifth keeps tally with fifteen sticks. There are eight dice, and they scoop them up in their hands and dash them into the basket, counting 1 when two or five flat surfaces turn up. The rapidity with which the game goes forward is wonderful, and the players seem totally oblivious to all things in the world beside. After each throw that a player makes she exclaims, *yet'-ni* or *wi-a-tak* or *ko-mat-eh*, which are simply a kind of sing-song or chanting.

———Tule River reservation, Tulare county, California. (Cat. no. 70395, 70396, 70397, Field Columbian Museum.)

Eight split reeds (figure 160), 13 inches in length, with backs rudely smeared with seven and eight bands of red paint; four willow

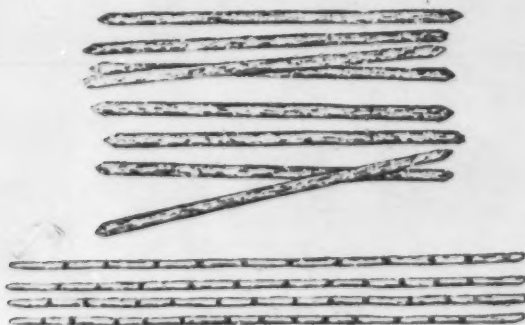


FIG. 160. Cane dice and counting sticks; length of dice, 13 inches; length of counting sticks, 20 inches; Yokuts Indians, Tule River reservation, California; cat. no. 70395, 70396, Field Columbian Museum.

counters, 20 inches long, marked with red stripes; and 25 willow sticks, pointed at one end.

^a This shield, which is 31 inches in diameter, was found by Mr Charles L. Day, of Chino Lee, Arizona, in the cliff house known as the Mummy cave, in the Canyon del Muerto, July 19, 1904. It is now in the United States National Museum, cat. no. 231778.

^b *Trilles of California. Contributions to North American Ethnology*, v. 3, p. 377. Washington, 1877.

APPENDIX H

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Midwest Folklore
Volume XIII, No. 4
1964

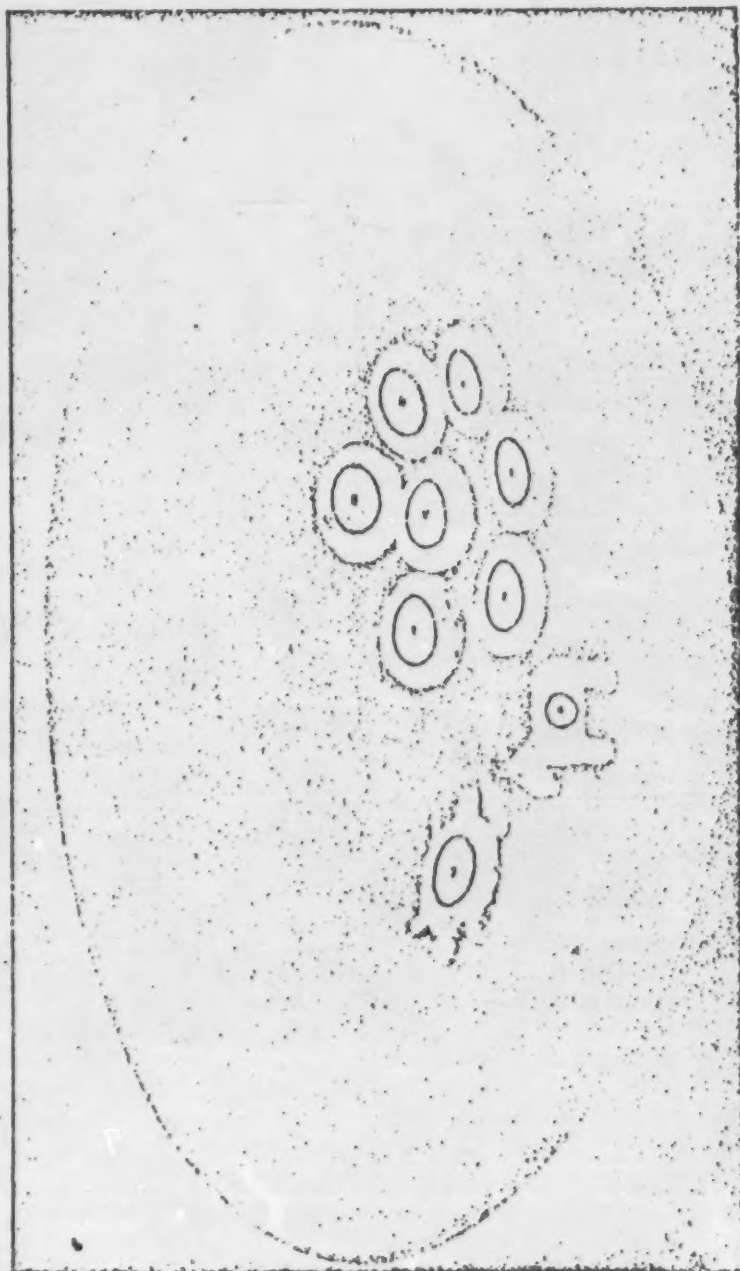
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POTAWATOMI SQUAW DICE

AMERICAN INDIAN games are commonly subdivided into two broad categories: games of chance and games of dexterity. Among the traditional games of chance, probably the most popular are those in which dice are used. According to the tabular index found in Culin's standard work on American Indian games, dice games are found among more tribes than any other type of game.¹ Very often, dice games are played by women rather than by men, although, of late, such games, having lost their earlier associated functional significance, are played equally by both sexes.

Among the present-day Potawatomi and also Kickapoo residents of Kansas, a game called "Squaw Dice" (kus-a-kee) continues to be widely played. As with most items whose existence is dependent upon the vagaries of oral tradition, there is some variation with respect to the material objects and the rules of the game. However, the following description may be considered to be reasonably re-



presentative.² Squaw Dice is played with a flat wooden bowl, eight coin-shaped discs, and two carved figures. The bowls collected by George A. Dorsey, as noted in Culin's study, were of similar diameter to the one reported here. The diameter of the bowl in the present study measured ten and one half inches. Dorsey's Kickapoo bowl measured eight and one half inches, but his Potawatomi bowl was eleven inches.³ The eight discs are made of beef bone. One side of each disc is white; the other side is black. The white side is the color of sun-bleached bone. The black color of the reverse side is the result of a coat of beeswax and ink having been applied to it. Apparently, this is a modern substitution for a type of berry stain.

The number of discs employed may possibly have changed within recent times inasmuch as previous reports indicate that there were six rather than eight.⁴ The diameter of the discs is three quarters of an inch, the same as the diameter of the dice in the Potawatomi set collected by Dorsey. The two carved figures consist of 1) a turtle, and 2) a horse/horse's head or a woman. These figures, like the discs, are black on one side and white on the other. In the set reported here, the alternate figure was a woman. The woman, in contrast to the turtle, has a flat surface at her base, making it possible for this piece to stand upright (See Plate 1). The height of the woman standing is one and seven eighths inches.

The game is played with two or more participants on the floor, usually sitting in a circle, around a blanket. All the pieces are placed in the bowl in no particular order. The first player grasps the bowl with one or both hands. A common method is to hold the bowl with one hand so that four fingers are inside and the thumb outside the bowl. The bowl is flipped smartly upward and set sharply on the blanket. (The purpose of the blanket is to cushion the shock and thus protect the bowl). This short abrupt motion causes the pieces to rise into the air. Actually the bowl is already at rest on the blanket before the pieces descend. The scoring is determined by the way the pieces fall.

A game consists of earning twelve points.⁵ There are a number of possible scoring combinations:

Two round discs white; other eight pieces black (or reverse)

○ ○ ○ ○ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

● ○ ○ ○ ×

2 points

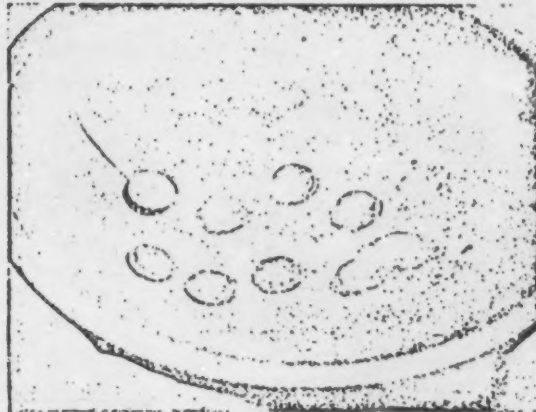
Midwest Folklore XIII:4

One round disc white; other nine pieces black (or reverse)

● ● ● ● ●

● ● ● ● ●

5 points



All pieces white or all pieces black

○ ○ ○ ○ ○

○ ○ ○ ○ ○

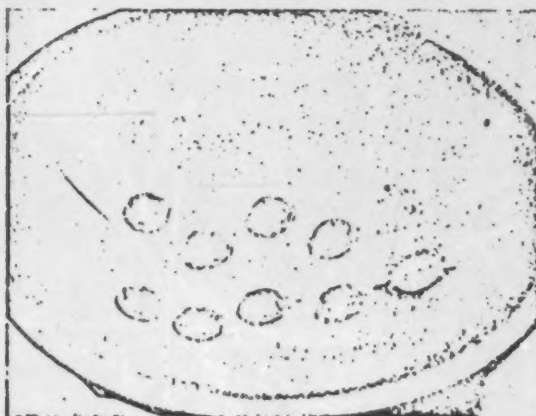
10 points

Turtle white; other nine pieces black (or reverse)

● ● ● ● ●

● ● ● ● ●

game



Alan Dundes and C. Fayne Porter

Woman white; other nine pieces black (or reverse)

• • • • • ♀

• • • • • ✕

game

Turtle and woman white; other eight pieces black (or reverse)

• • • • • ♀

• • • • • ✕

game

Woman stands up; other pieces' color immaterial

○ ○ ○ ○ •

• ○ ○ ○ • ✕

game



The score is kept by means of coffee bean counters. At the beginning of the contest, each participant is given twelve beans. As each player scores, he keeps track of his points by moving the appropriate number of beans from his original twelve to a new pile. For example, if he threw two black discs with the eight other pieces white, he would be entitled to two points. Thus he would take two beans and start a pile separate and distinct from his original bean pile. As long as he earns points, he may continue to throw. When he fails to score, his turn ends and the dice pass to the player on his left. The first player to score twelve points wins the game.

As was the case with many American Indian games, gambling was common. However, although the game was once played for

high stakes among the Potawatomi, it is today a "penny-ante" contest, played chiefly for social purposes and amusement. Prior to each game, each player antes a penny into a container serving as the bank or pot. When a person wins a game, he receives the pot's contents.

On the Potawatomi Reservation near Mayetta, Kansas,⁶ the following additional contemporary variants were obtained. In one version, there was no ante; however, the winner received one penny from each participant who had at least been able to score some points. If a participant was skunked (had scored no points), he was obligated to pay two pennies to the winner of the game. In the event that the game was won by means of the somewhat infrequent occurrence of the lady's standing up, the winner received double. In other words, losing participants who had scored paid two pennies; losing participants who had failed to score paid four pennies. Theoretically, one played until one had no more money remaining. After a person won a game, the play passed to that person's left. If the participants had formed partnerships, e.g., one married couple opposed another, the only difference was that the winner's partner did not pay the winner.

In a version of Potawatomi Squaw Dice played without money, a number of coffee beans, say one hundred, were placed as a kind of jack pot in the center of the circle. The players thus began with no coffee beans in their possession, but as a player scored, he took the appropriate number of beans from the jack pot. For example, if a player threw one round disc black with the rest white, he scored five points and accordingly he took five coffee beans from the center. When the center jack pot was exhausted, the winner took beans from the person on his right. In the above example, if the jack pot had contained only two coffee beans, the player who scored would have taken three beans from the player to his right. Presumably the game is played until all the beans are in one player's possession.

Once each year a ceremonial game of Squaw Dice is played. On the day following the annual four day Spring Dance (held in April in 1963), a series of ceremonial games are played. In these games, there are two opposing groups of players. These groups are based upon a curious dual division found among other Central Algonkian Indians. Among the Potawatomi, these divisions or moieties are "sh'kush" and "keeshko." "Sh'kush" is the senior moiety; "keeshko" is the junior. It is the order of birth which determines an individual's assignment to one moiety or the other.

"Sh'kush" or the first-born includes all odd-numbered births: first-born, third-born, fifth-born, etc.; "Keeshko" or the second-born includes all even numbered births: second-born, fourth-born, sixth-born, etc. Sex differences do not affect the sequence. The second-born is "keeshko" regardless of whether it is a boy or girl and regardless of whether the first-born was a boy or girl. There are colors associated with the moiety system: "Sh'kush" is blue; "Keeshko" is red. In the men's ceremonial games, all the "Sh'kush" paint their faces blue while all the "Keeshko" paint their faces red.⁷

In the ceremonial game of Squaw Dice, only women participate. The "Sh'kush" women oppose the "Keeshko" women. The former, as the senior moiety, plays first.⁸ The women play for four prizes. (The sacred or magic number among most American Indian tribes is four). The prizes were goods such as calico dress material or strips of ribbon. For example, there could be four silk ribbons, each of a different color: Yellow (first prize), Blue (second), White (third), and Red (fourth). (Among the Potawatomi, the colors are associated with the cardinal points: yellow-west, blue-north, white-east, and red-south. The directions, in turn, are associated with the four seasons: West-Spring, South-Summer, East-Fall, and North-Winter).⁹ The prize ribbons are hung on a horizontal pole. A scoring throw automatically wins a prize. However, the rules of the ceremonial game are slightly altered inasmuch as the "two point" score is eliminated. The lowest scoring combination allowed in the ceremonial game is the "five point" one in which one round disc is one color with the other pieces the other color (See Plate 2). Play alternates between "Sh'kush" and "Keeshko" participants. The female owner of the set of Squaw Dice used in the ceremonial game is obliged to feed all the participants.¹⁰

One of the most stable but striking characteristics of Potawatomi Squaw Dice is the curious turtle figure. In contrast, the other carved figure is less definite. However, usually it is either a woman or a horse. Considering the probable antiquity of the game and the post-contact introduction of the horse, it seems safe to assume that the woman represents the earlier form. Corroboration of this assumption was provided by the existence of a Potawatomi folktale in which the presence of the turtle and the woman in the game is explained. The tale which involves the Potawatomi culture hero-trickster, Wi'sakā, tells how Turtle brought gambling to the Indians.¹¹

WISAKA AND TURTLE

The Indians were gambling and Wisakā came up and watched them. He saw Turtle, who at that time was human, cheating. Wisakā said to the players, "Hey, he's cheating on you." Turtle got mad at Wisakā (and said), "You lousy-headed thing. This is none of your business. You're not playing." Wisakā went away and turned into a beautiful woman. Then "she" came back to the village of Indians where Turtle was gambling. Turtle had accumulated his outfit through gambling. Wisakā went to Turtle, to his wigwam. Turtle sure was stuck on her. In the old days, when a woman looked at you, it meant she wanted you. If she didn't look at you, she didn't want you. This woman (Wisakā), finally looked at Turtle. They went to sleep. Turtle went to visit her during the night and she said she would marry him.

During the night, after Turtle went to sleep, Wisakā took all the Turtle's riches and clothes. Turtle had brought gambling to the Indians. Wisakā turned back into his own form and took Turtle's winnings home. Wisakā had a dog named Mah-kos-e-queh who had lots of pups. Wisakā took all Turtle's goods and threw them in with all the pups. When Turtle woke up, his "wife" was gone. So he got to thinking. He went out and called her. At first, he whispered so that other people couldn't hear. The woman had told Turtle her name was Mah-kos-e-queh. Turtle called until daylight. He walked around and all the people heard him. They asked him what was the matter? He said, "I have lost my woman." His feelings had overwhelmed him and he had called in a loud voice. Meanwhile the pups chewed up all of Turtle's goods.

Turtle said, "I wonder who would know. Oh yes. Wisakā knows everything. I'll go and ask him." He went up to Wisakā's place. He said, "A woman came to me last night and promised to marry me." Wisakā asked, "What was the woman's name?" Turtle said, "Mah-kos-e-queh." "I've got a dog by that name, Mah-kos-e-queh. She has a lot of pups. Go see the dog." So Turtle went around and, there, sure enough, the pups were tearing all Turtle's stuff up. Turtle came back to Wisakā and Wisakā told him, "You're doing something wrong in introducing gambling to the Indians. I'm going to turn you into a turtle with four legs to crawl on. You're going to live in the water from now on." So Turtle turned into turtle (Mih-shee-keh) and crawled off.¹²

The teller of this tale remarked that the carved turtle and woman in the Squaw Dice game were related to the narrative in that the turtle liked women and that it was a woman who transformed turtle into the shape he now has. The continued association of the turtle with the game is suggested by the fact that when the game is played, a player will often murmur "Ah Mih-shee-keh," before shaking the bowl, presumably, as if to say, "Come on, turtle!" The authenticity of this tradition is attested by an earlier recorded parallel from an eastern Algonkian group, the Micmac. According to this Micmac account, their dice game wobunarunk was invented

and owned by Mikchikch, the turtle.¹³ The obvious name cognate affirms the identity of the parallel traditions.

The present consideration of Potawatomi Squaw Dice shows that it is almost impossible to isolate a single aspect or bit of culture for study. Any one element of culture is inevitably inextricably bound up with many other elements of that same culture. Thus the examination of a Potawatomi traditional game touched upon material objects (their dimensions, design, coloring, etc.), rules of play, ceremonialism, moiety divisions, folk narrative, and language. A question about any cultural object be it tangible or intangible can serve as an entry into many of our artificial subdivisions of a culture. In theory, the original question would not be completely answered until the entire culture was described. In this sense, the foregoing account of Potawatomi Squaw Dice is only a beginning.

NOTES

¹ Stewart Culin, *Games of the North American Indians, Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology*, XXIV (Washington, 1907), 36-43.

² The Squaw Dice set described and photographed in the present study belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Chris P. Emmett of Lawrence, Kansas. Mr. Emmett, a Citizen Band Potawatomi born in Mayetta, Kansas, is employed as a custodian at Haskell Institute. Mrs. Emmett is a Kickapoo from Horton, Kansas. Actually, the set was made by Mrs. Emmett's father, Richard Simon, Sr., who died in 1952 in his late fifties. The authors of this paper are grateful to the Emmetts for their patience in answering our questions and for permitting us to photograph their set.

³ Culin, pp. 72-73, 85. Dorsey's accounts consist solely of descriptions of the pertinent material objects. No rules for play are given.

⁴ Both Dorsey's account (Culin, p. 85) and that of Alanson Skinner (*The Mascoutens or Prairie Potawatomi Indians, Part I, Social Life and Ceremonies, Bulletin of the Public Museum of the City of Milwaukee*, VI, No. 1, (1924), 41-42) state that there were six discs and two carved figures. When the authors noticed that one of the Emmett's discs had a black spot in the center of its white side, they were told by Mr. Emmett that the disc was from another set. However, he assured us that the game was definitely played with eight discs by both Potawatomi and Kickapoo. On the Potawatomi Reservation near Mayetta, Kansas, seven discs are used and in one instance five. It should be noted that although the number of disc dice might affect the probability or rather the frequency of occurrence of the scoring combinations, the basic structure of the game is not altered by changing the number of dice.

⁵ Skinner, p. 41. In an unpublished study, "Potawatomi Culture 1936-1958," Ruth Landes suggests (p. 25) that twelve may be the ritual number for the Potawatomi or at least (p. 78) a favorite multiple of the sacred number four.

⁶ The materials contained in the final portion of this study were obtained by the first author on the occasion of his visits to the Potawatomi Reservation during the months of April, May, and June, 1963. This author wishes to thank the Kansas City Association of Trusts and Foundations for a Ford Foundation University Faculty Personnel Grant in 1962 and to thank the University of Kansas for an NSF Institutional Grant in June, 1963. It was these generous awards which made extended fieldwork among the Prairie Band Potawatomi possible. Both authors are indebted to Norman Feder, Curator of American Indian Art, at the Denver Art Museum, for providing

a photograph of a Potawatomi Squaw Dice set recently acquired by the Museum (Plate 4).

The principal informants for Potawatomi Squaw Dice were Mr. and Mrs. James ("Wild Bill") Wabnosah, who live near Delia, Kansas. Their set had seven dice and two carved figures (turtle and horse). The bowl's diameter was ten and one half inches. The scoring combinations were the same as those described by the Emmets, but point totals earned varied slightly: 2, 5, 10, 10, 10, 20, and 20. (Italicized figures are different from those given by the Emmets). A game consisted of twelve points. The Wabnosah's were unable to explain why there were two ways of scoring twenty points in a game which could be won by scoring twelve. However, independent confirmation of the Wabnosah scoring was obtained from Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Pequano who also live on the Reservation.

¹ According to Curtis Pequano, aged seventy-one, the moiety division based upon birth order is a reflection of the mythic order of creation. He stated that the order of creation was: 1) Fish (Chief), 2) "Sh'kush," Clawed Animals, first-born, and 3) "Keshko" Sky or Flying animals, second-born. He said further that the Fish Clan was the ruling clan (from which chiefs were traditionally selected) because Fish was created first and was under water. The rivalry between the Clawed and Sky animals was symbolized by the annual ball game (following the Spring Dance) in which "Sh'kush" opposed "Keshko." However, there is an inconsistency here inasmuch as assignment to a moiety is not determined by clan name, but rather by the accident of birth order. For a recent study of this moiety system, see Charles Callender, *Social Organization of the Central Algonkian Indians, Milwaukee Public Museum Publications in Anthropology*, Number 7 (1962), p. 32.

² When the Wabnosahs were asked how it was determined who played first in the ordinary, non-ceremonial, games, they replied that the visitor went first. If there were more than one visitor, the person who had come from furthest away, went first.

³ The color-directional symbolism was obtained from James Wabnosah; the seasonal-directional association from Curtis Pequano. The Potawatomi colors are among the most common and, in fact, Roland B. Dixon claimed the color group of white, yellow, red, and blue occurred more frequently than any other. See "The Color-Symbolism of the Cardinal Points," *Journal of American Folklore*, XII (1899), 10. However, according to a recent extensive comparative survey of American Indian color-directional symbolism, the specific association of colors and directions found among the Potawatomi has been reported from just one group, the Tewa. See Carroll L. Riley, "Color-Direction Symbolism: An Example of Mexican-South-Western Contacts," *America Indigena*, XXIII (1963), pp. 59-60.

⁴ The set used after the 1963 Spring Ceremonial Dance was owned by Blanche Hale, who supplied food for those who attended. Skinner (p. 41) also reported this custom. Some features recorded by Skinner were not found. For example, Skinner noted several special rules which concerned the winning of games in succession. Neither the Emmets nor the Wabnosah's knew of any such rules.

⁵ The tale was collected April 9, 1963, from Curtis Pequano. It differs considerably from an earlier version collected by Alanson Skinner in that the latter text makes no mention of gambling. See *The Maccoutens or Prairie Potawatomi Indians, Part III, Mythology and Folklore, Bulletin of the Public Museum of the City of Milwaukee*, VI, No. 3 (1927), 352. However, in a Fox cognate, the narrative begins with Turtle's gambling and a comparable insult referring to her. See William Jones, *Fox Texts, Publications of the American Ethnological Society*, I (London, 1907), 314-331.

⁶ The tale is very probably a Central Algonkian tale type. An extensive comparative study of Algonkian mythology has shown that a teasing type of relationship between the culture hero and the turtle is found in both Northeastern and Central Algonkian oral tradition. See Margaret W. Fisher, "The Mythology of the Northern and Northeastern Algonkians in Reference to Algonkian Mythology as a Whole," in *Man in Northwestern North America*,

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ed. Frederick Johnson (Andover, 1946), p. 238. The persistence of individual traits in this particular tale is of interest. For example, the name Mah-kos-e-queh appears in the Fox version (where it is translated "Doe-Fawn") and in several Menomini versions as well (where it is translated "Egg Woman" or "Fawn-Woman"). See Alanson Skinner and John V. Satterlee, *Folklore of the Menomini Indians, Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History*, XIII (1915), 265, n. 1; Leonard Bloomfield, *Menomini Texts, Publications of the American Ethnological Society*, XII (1928), 163, n. 2. In the Menomini versions, there is no mention of gambling.

¹⁸ Culin, *op. cit.*, p. 76. The linking of the turtle to a dice game among the Micmac and Potawatomi may well be an example of what folklorists call 'peripheral distribution' and what anthropologists term 'marginal survival.' If a cultural item appears on the periphery of an area, for example, in this case among an eastern-most and a western-most representative of a common linguistic family, the chances are that this particular item is of considerable antiquity. Since it is not likely that there has been diffusion from the Micmac to the Potawatomi in recent times, it is quite possible that the turtle's association with gambling in general and dice games in particular dates from the pre-contact period.

APPENDIX I

LISTENING SKILLS

- I. Knows how to listen to suit situation
 - ___A. oral instruction
 - ___B. stories and poems and orations
 - ___C. discussions
- II. Determines the main idea and sequence in oral presentation of
 - ___A. speech
 - ___B. poetry
 - ___C. narrative
- III. Paraphrases
 - ___A. able to paraphrase material from oral presentations
 - ___B. able to paraphrase materials from two or more related presentations
- IV. Obtains information and facts for own use from various media
 - ___A. films
 - ___B. recordings
- V. Able to listen to oral presentations for appreciation and enjoyment
 - ___A. poetry
 - ___B. oratory
 - ___C. narrative stories
 - ___D. songs and chants
- VI. Able to assimilate information from oral presentation for own use
 - ___A. able to draw analogies
 - ___B. develops a positive self-image

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GLOSSARY

Algonquian	(al-GONE-kec-un)	the language family of many tribes centered in and around the Great Lakes.
Bah-zee-zee	(BAH-zee-zee)	Shoshone name for the Water Baby.
Bannock	(BAN-uk)	an Indian tribe in Idaho
Cheyenne	(shy-ENN)	a major tribe of Plains Indians
Chippewa	(CHIP-uh-wah)	a major tribe from the Great Lakes area.
Choctaw	(CHOCK-taw)	a major tribe originally living in the Southeastern U.S. and removed to Indian Territory (Oklahoma) in the 1830's.
Chukfulahjah	(CHOOK-ful-AH-juh)	Seminole name for Trickster Rabbit
coup	(KOO)	to count coup is to touch a live enemy with a coup stick, lance, bow, or hand —this brings greater honor than the killing of an enemy.
Creek	(KREEK)	a major tribe from the Southeast, removed to Oklahoma in the 1830's.
Crow	(KROE)	a tribe of Plains Indians living principally in Montana
Dak't-the-wah-oo	(KAHK'T-the-wah-OO)	The Deer Woman of the Ponca and Omaha.
Eskimo	(ESS-kih-moe)	a group of Native Americans who live in Alaska —technically, they are not Indians.
Glooskap	(GLOOSE-cap)	trickster figure of various tribes in Eastern U.S. and Canada.
Ha-a-t'ze	(HAI-ah-t'see)	the Earth, as called by various Pueblo groups.
Iktomi	(ik-TOE-me)	trickster figure of the Sioux.

Ishkuyu	(ish-KOO-yoo)	the monster who brought evil into the world in the Laguna version of creation
Itsuyahyuh	(IT-soo-YAH-yuh)	Nez Perce name for Coyote
Kickapoo	(KIK uh-poo)	a tribe originally from south of the Great Lakes, now established principally in Kansas and Oklahoma.
Kiowa	(KYE-o-wuh)	a tribe from the southern plains of Oklahoma and Texas.
Koshare	(ko-SHAR-e)	a clown figure among the Pueblo.
Krashadi	(krah-SHAH-de)	a benevolent god from the Laguna version of creation.
Masewe	(mah-SEE-we)	the older brother from the Laguna version of creation.
Nez Perce	(NEZ PURSE, NAY-pair-SAY)	a tribe living in the Oregon-Washington-Idaho triangle. The name means "pierced nose" in French.
Omaha	(O-muh-ha)	a tribe living in northwestern Nebraska.
Oyuyeh	(o-YOU-yeh)	the younger brother from the Laguna version of creation.
Pa-a-a-puch	(PAH-ah-ah-putch)	Ute name for the Water Baby.
Paiute	(PIE-YUTE)	a tribe living principally in Nevada.
Pashayani	(PAH-shah-YAH-ne)	an evil god from the Laguna version of creation.
Ponca	(PONG-kah)	a tribe closely allied with the Omaha, now living in Oklahoma.
Potawatomi	(POT-uh-WOT-uh-me)	originally a Great Lakes tribe now living in Kansas.
Saynday	(SANE-DAY)	trickster figure of the Kiowas
Seminole	(SEM-ih-nole)	a tribe living in Florida originally; a portion of them was removed to Oklahoma in the 1830's.
Shoshone	(sho-SHO-ne)	a tribe living in Wyoming and Idaho.
Sioux	(SUE)	a major tribe of Northern Plains Indians, once the largest tribal group in the U.S.

Sipapu	(see-PAH-poo)	the underground lake from which many Pueblo groups trace their emergence into the present world.
Speelyai	(speel-YIE)	Yakima name for Coyote.
Stukwiniyuh	(STUK-wih-NIE-yuh)	the horned water monster of the Creeks.
travois	(TRA-vee)	the pair of poles dragged by horses upon which the camp gear and possessions of the Plains Indians was transported.
Ute	(YOOT)	a tribe living principally in Colorado and Utah.
Winuhbuhzhoo	(WIN-uh-buh-ZHOO)	trickster figure of the Chippewa.
Yakima	(YAK-uh-ma)	a tribe living in central Washington.

In Memory

CALVIN FAYNE PORTER

Born: March 19, 1920

Died: October 14, 1976

. . . his memory will live
through the stories he has
told for the delight of us all. . .